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THE

POWER OF KINDNESS,

INCULCATING THE PRINCIPLES

OF

BENEVOLENCE AND LOVE.

BY CHARLES MORLEY.

NEW YORK:
OWLERS AND WELLS, PUBLISHERS,
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1849.

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1. Kindness

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INTRODUCTION.

THE heart of the guilty resists and defies reproach, but melts before the accents of KINDNESS.

Thousands by its power have been reclaimed from the fangs of intemperance, and other destructive vices. It is almost omnipotent; its power will accomplish what all other human instrumentalities alone cannot; it softens even a savage's heart, and subdues the fierce rage of the wild beasts of the forest. Therefore, reader, if you wish to reclaim a poor wanderer, treat him kindly; if a fellow being insults you, treat him kindly, and then you will not only most ef-

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fectually punish him, but you will do him good, and probably reclaim him from being a pest to society, to become one of the best citizens, and fit for glory and heaven. Many parents, by unkindness and scolding, ruin their children, and drive them to despair. It sours their tempers, and makes them cross, fretful and revengeful.

A few months since, a little girl in North Carolina, ten years of age, hung herself, after being scolded by her mother. Children imbibe the spirit of their parents and teachers; and uniformly, cross parents and teachers will have cross and ill-natured children to manage, and *vice versa*. "The unbelieving husband cares much for the gentle and kind spirit of the wife, for much of his happiness depends on it; that brother is interested much in the conversation and the spirit of his sister—for he daily observes her temper, and is forming his views of religion from what he sees in her; that child is constantly

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marking the temper of the father and mother, and is forming his views of piety from it." The Saviour was the embodiment of kindness. See him, when on a mock trial for life, smitten by an officer, meekly, and with a countenance beaming with kindness, while he looks at the wicked man, and exclaims, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" John xviii. 23. See him on the cross, carrying out his divine precept, "love your enemies," when he prays for the forgiveness of his murderers. When the Jews accused before him a woman of adultery, and were clamorous to have her stoned, he cast a kind look upon her, as he saw the deep feeling of repentance kindling in her heart, and said, hath no man condemned thee? No man, Lord, she replies. "Neither do I," says the compassionate Jesus, "go in peace, and sin no more." O what multitudes of the vicious would have been

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saved, that are forever lost, if the Savior's example had been followed towards those outcasts of society.

After Peter had so cruelly denied Christ, when hanging on the cross, what a look of tenderness and compassion he casts upon Peter? And no wonder that "he went out and wept bitterly. "It is in vain to disguise the fact, that the largest share of the squallor and filth, the poverty and intemperance, the prostitution and fraud, which exist in every community, may be fairly charged to the follies, unnatural rules, vicious fashions, and demoralizing examples of society. What is it but unkindness of community, that takes from multitudes of the poorer people, all hope of rising in prosperity, and by condemning them to perpetual drudgery, causes many of them, through despair, to become thieves and prostitutes? What is it but the unkindness of community, that, because a female has taken one

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mis-step, she is driven deeper and deeper into dens of vice, even when exhibiting an earnest desire to repent and return to virtue." If the divine precepts, "Do as you wish others to do to you; love your enemies, overcome evil with good; if thy brother err, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; if thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," were generally observed by the professed followers of Jesus, war, slavery, oppression, and every evil would be banished from the globe; and it would be one great paradise, and mankind would be one great band of brethren, their hearts knit together by the heavenly chain of love. God's word assures us, that such a state of things will occur, when the Savior shall sit on "David's throne," "and all the kingdoms of earth shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ."

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For a number of the facts in this work, the writer is indebted to several articles on the "Law of Kindness," by G. W. M., published in the "Evangelical Magazine," at Utica, N. Y., for 1829

C. MORLEY.

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS ON DUMB ANIMALS.

On the Lion. A traveller from Europe, as he was riding a horse through a forest in Asia, heard groans, as of either a human being or a beast in distress, dismounted from his horse, and went in the direction of the noise, and to his astonishment, he beheld a huge lion rolling, and apparently in extreme agony. As he approached him, he discovered that a thorn had pierced his foot. He extracted it with his knife, and the lion, being immediately relieved from his distress, arose and licked the hand of his benefactor, and then cast an expressive look in his face, as if he wished to say, "I thank you for your kindness. You have not only relieved my pain, but saved my life. I will henceforth devote it to you. For you I will live, for you I will die." As the man resumed his journey, the lion trotted after him like a dog, and thus followed him for several months. At length, as he made arrangements to return by water, he intended to take his favorite companion with him, but the captain would not permit it. As the ship set sail, the lion commenced a mournful

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roaring, and expressed much grief, which increased as the ship receded from the shore. At length, he plunged into the ocean, and swam after his beloved master, till overcome by the fury of the raging waves, and fatigued, he sunk to rise no more.

A similar instance is related of Androcles, a Grecian slave, who ran away from his cruel master, and concealed himself in a cave, where, during the night, two lions came, and lay down in an opposite part of the cavern, one of which rolled and groaned, and seemed to be in great distress. Androcles struck a light, and perceived that a thorn had pierced the lion's foot, he extracted it, and his pain ceased. The lion immediately expressed much gratitude to his benefactor, and each day brought him food, and every night slept by his side. After thus living for several months with his lion-friend, he ventured to go into a settlement, and was recognized, apprehended, and imprisoned for some time, and then condemned to be thrown to some confined ferocious lions. A large number of spectators were assembled to see him torn in pieces by the lions. But to the astonishment of the crowd, a huge lion approached him with an expression of much joy, and licked Androcles' face, and growled in a menacing manner, to any of the lions that approached. It was his lion-friend, that, too, had been taken captive, and instantly recognized his benefactor, and deter-

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mined to die for him if necessary. Similar have been the effects of kindness shown to the wolf, elephant, and many other animals.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS ON MANKIND.

Prov. xxv. 21, 22. "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." A Roman army had beseiged a city of Greece for several months, and was on the point of abandoning it, when the school-master of the city, who daily marched the children under his care without the walls, one day led them to the Roman general, telling him that "with them he delivered up the city also, for their parents and friends cannot survive the loss of their children, and they will surrender the city shortly." The Roman general looked at the traitor with disgust and indignation, while he thus addressed him: "Thou base wretch! I despise thy treachery. I will not take the city by base means." He then caused his hands to be tied behind him; and then put scourges into the children's hands, with directions to whip him back to the city.

In the meantime, the city was filled with mourning and despair. Fathers were lamenting, mothers were running about the streets with

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frantic rage, plucking out the hair of their heads, and loud wailings of sadness and grief resounded from every quarter; when lo! a herald on the walls proclaimed the joyful tidings that the children were returning; then they rushed to behold the glad sight. And when they saw them driving before them their perfidious preceptor, joy and admiration filled their breasts, and they exclaimed, "Our enemies are more generous and kind than our friends, we will no longer resist against such kind enemies," and they gave up the keys of the city to the Roman general, who returned them with presents, saying, he wished to take no advantage of an enemy, and marched away his army.

Several years ago, when I was attending a school at Hartford, Ct., there were two young lads, members of the school, of opposite characters. One was remarkably amiable, and distinguished for his mild and kind disposition, the other delighted in teasing, insulting and abusing him. The young man endured all this abuse with patience and meekness, and the next day after the other had spit in his face, he purchased some oranges, and gave one of the best of them to his persecutor, when, in an instant, his face was crimsoned with shame and mortification. After that, he was never known to treat this young man, or any others, unkindly; and from being the most quarrelsome, he became one of the most peaceable members of the school.

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A MORNING IN NEWGATE.

Says a distinguished philanthropist, "I had long wished an opportunity to witness the effects of Mrs. Fry's benevolent exertions. The female prisoners, to the number of forty or fifty, were cleanly and decently dressed. Mrs. Fry read from the Bible the story of Mary Magdalene, with remarks in so gentle and encouraging a manner, that it was impossible not to be moved by the quiet pathos of her discourse. Her auditors listened with the most serious and earnest attention, and many were melted to tears. Mrs. Fry recounted some of the obstacles against which she had to contend. It seems, however, that there is scarcely any disposition so depraved that may not be touched by KINDNESS.

The patient and persevering efforts of Mrs. Fry, have succeeded in softening and reclaiming the most hardened, whom severity would probably have rendered more callous and desperate. There is a shame of appearing ungrateful, which operates strongly in even the most vicious breasts. Mrs. Fry said, that when, as it sometimes happens, a prisoner, after her discharge, finds her way back to the jail for some fresh offence, the delinquent is more afraid of meeting her kindness, than of facing the reproof of the Bench."

> "There lies more peril, lady, in thine eye,
> Than twenty of their swords."

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ROLAND HILL AND THE ROBBER.

Roland Hill was once waylaid by a robber, who, with pistol in hand, demanded his money. Mr. Hill gazed at him with a mild and benevolent look, and kindly remonstrated with him to abandon such a dreadful course, which must soon end in ruin. Tears started from the robber's eyes, while he fell upon his knees, and begged his pardon. Mr. Hill took him home and made him his coachman, and he became a reformed and good man, and after being twenty years in Mr. Hill's family, died a peaceful death.

PROSTITUTES RECLAIMED.

One evening, as Mr. Hill was returning home from a lecture, two prostitutes overtook him, and took hold of his arms, and asked him if he would go home with them. He replied, that he was but a short distance from home, and preferred that they should go with him. They consented. When they had arrived, he hinted to Mrs. Hill the character of his visitors, took his Bible, read, and then prayed fervently, especially for the females. They were very kindly treated. In the morning they were invited to breakfast with the family, and after family worship, Mr. H. addressed them in a gentle and tender manner, on the danger, degradation, and

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consequence of vice. They were melted to tears, and expressed their desire to reform. Mr. Hill placed them under the care of good families, and they manifested the sincerity of their repentance, by living consistent and virtuous lives, respected by all who knew them.

THE BANDIT CAPTAIN AND THE APOSTLE ST. JOHN.

It is related of the Evangelist John, that a young man of superior talents, was hopefully converted under his labors, who for some time was noted for his exemplary piety; but at length he gradually backslid, and finally became the leader of a band of robbers. John learned the retreat of the band, and went alone in search of it. On his arrival, he requested one of the banditti to conduct him to their leader; he did so; but the moment he saw John he attempted to flee. "Hold, my son!" exclaimed John, in a kind and affectionate tone, "I will not harm you." He stopped; John clasped him in his arms. The young man melted to tears, and begged his pardon. John mildly says, "It is against God that you have sinned, ask pardon of him." He then smote on his breast, and like the publican, plead for mercy. Many of the robbers who were standing around were melted to

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tears. After praying, he arose and addressed his followers thus: "I have been your leader in crime; but I am resolved to be your leader in repentance." Part of them expressed their determination to follow his example. Thus the band of robbers was broken up, and a few of them, with their chief, became active and devoted Christians. Therefore, let us not despair, even of reclaiming the most hardened, with this engine of heaven.

THE SHEEP STORY; OR, WM. LADD AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

"I had," the Apostle of peace used to say, in relating the anecdote, "a fine field of grain growing upon an out-farm at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by, I saw my neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as paniels; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition-wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them; sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would keep out for a day or two, but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still

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there. I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep. I rode away much agitated, for I was not so much of a peace man then as now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day, I rode over to neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. 'Good morning, neighbor.' No answer. 'Good morning,' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt, without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see about the sheep.' At this he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in an angry manner, 'Now, aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it—a rich man like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!' 'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I, 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say, that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

"Pulsifer looked confounded—he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Cer-

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tainly I am,' I replied, 'it is better for me to feed your sheep on my grass, than on my grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

"After a moment's silence—'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulsifer, 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know, that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot.. And, my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

THE PEACE MAN'S WAY OF CARRYING HIS POINT.

William Penn learned, in 1669, that there was some very choice land not included in his first purchase; and he sent to enquire of the Indians, if they would sell it. They replied, that they did not wish to part with the land where their fathers were resting; but to please their father Onas—the name they gave the good man—they

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would sell him some of it. Accordingly, they agreed, for a certain quantity of English goods, to sell as much land as one of his young men could walk round in a day, "beginning at the great river Cosquanco," now Kensington, "and ending at the great river Kallapingo," now Bristol. This mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not in the end satisfy the Indians; for the young Englishman, who was chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed their dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheat us." "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn, "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way? "True," replied the Indians, "but white brother make too big walk." Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if they would not, should be compelled to.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how *can* you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them, and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied.

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These were cheerfully given, and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity. Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about *a little piece of land!*"

THE EFFECTS OF KINDNESS AND PEACE PRINCIPLES ON SAVAGES.

A *national* example of a refusal to bear arms, has only once been exhibited to the world; but that one example has proved, so far as its political circumstances enabled it to prove, all that humanity could desire, and all that scepticism could demand, in favor of our argument.

t has been the ordinary practice for those who have colonised distant countries, to force a footing, or to maintain it with the sword. One of the first objects has been to build a fort, and to provide a military. The adventurers became soldiers, and the colony was a garrison. Pennsylvania was, however, colonised by men who believed that war was absolutely incompatible with Christianity, and who therefore resolved not to practice it. Having determined not to

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fight, they maintained no soldiers, and possessed no arms. They planted themselves in a country that was surrounded by savages, and by savages who knew they were unarmed. If easiness of conquest, or incapability of defence could subject them to outrage, the Pennsylvanians might have been the very sport of violence. But these were the people who possessed their country in security, whilst those around them were trembling for their existence. This was a land of peace, whilst every other was a land of war.

The Pennsylvanians continued to enjoy unbroken the blessings of peace for seventy years. And when was the security of Pennsylvania molested, and its peace destroyed? When the men who had directed its counsels, and *who would not engage in war, were outvoted in its Legislature; when they who supposed that there was a greater security in the sword than in Christianity became the predominating body,* from that hour the Pennsylvanians transferred their confidence in Christian principles, to a confidence in their arms; and from that hour to the present they have been subject to war.

Hence we have before us the demonstration, that it is perfectly safe to rely on God for defence. And the desolation and universal terror that all the other American colonies were exposed to, the Pennsylvanians, a larger portion of whom belonged to the Society of Friends, were stead-

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fast to their principles; they neither retired to garrisons, or provided themselves with arms, but pursued their occupations in the field or at their homes, in security and peace.

A TRUE STORY.

From Mrs. Child's Letters in the Boston Courier.

I will tell a true story, not without signification.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken his lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless

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well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public garden on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect. She therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it

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without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful 4th of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the garden, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her kindly, and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed

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and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride. Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas! her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the 4th day, the keeper called upon I. T. H., and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

'Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none

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to hear." When they were alone together, he put back her hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said, in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all that thou hast done. If thou hast taken the silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter, and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty." After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead! What will my poor mother say when she knows my disgrace." "Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, an useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have acted otherwise by the girl, had he known the circumstances. "Thou should'st have inquired into the merist of the case, my friend," replied

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Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved." The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. Tell him my business is of importance, said Friend H. The servant soon returned, and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying, that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure,

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he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled, as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac. "Though much to blame in this affair, thou, too, hast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted." Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means, her true name was left out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend H.'s house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron,

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with a blooming boy five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend H., do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you?" When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend H.'s house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and with a

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fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite towards teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty at the voice of the Angel Love.

L. M. C.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS,

OR

"*Overcome evil with good.*"—Rom. xii. 21.

'As like physical causes produce like physical effects, as vice generates misery with unerring certainty, so revenge will create revenge; for water does not more certainly rush to its level, than the exercise of malicious power rouses into action the fires of anger and opposition. To small purpose has that individual perused the history of the world, who has not discovered that evil has been almost universally met with evil, and its path-ways have been clouded with the smouldering misery perpetually arising from the horrible spirit of retaliation. And to as little purpose has he poured over the records of nations, if he is not convinced that when the law of kindness has been practised, it

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has been much more salutary in its influence, and as much more glorious in its results, as virtue is more salutary and glorious than iniquity. For while retaliation is like a storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction, kindness is like the combined influence of the heat of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which unlocks the secrets of seed, and develops its leaves, flowers and odors. Happiness has been withered, friends separated, families filled with discord, reputations ruined, cities burned, and nations swept from the earth by revenge. Retaliation is earth's worst demon. No clime has escaped its blight, no heart its poison. It slew the Saviour in all the glory of his character, and millions of his followers.

It may be urged, that some of the principles of the Mosaic law sanction the principles of retaliation, in the requisition of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But it must be remembered, that the Mosaic Law, rich as it is in its provisions for the widow and the orphan, for hospitality, and for other excellent precepts, introduced the law of retaliation into its statutes, only as the preventive of an evil which already existed, the same as the lancet and probe of the surgeon are necessary for a diseased limb. The Jews had been thoroughly debased in the Egyptian brick-yards, and the foul airs of idolatry; they had been degraded by ignorance; they were a head-strong, wicked people; they were

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morally sick; and it was necessary to apply the lancet of fear to them.

But this retaliatory principle was not instituted as a universal rule of action. For when the world was properly fitted and prepared, then a nobler law was given in a system which is superior to all other systems in its doctrines and morality. That system is CHRISTIANITY. While the ablest philosophers, at the period of its establishment, were advocating some of the worst features of revenge, CHRISTIANITY, the child of heaven, and the friend of man, proclaimed in tones of the sweetest accents, the divine law, "*Overcome evil with good.*" Our Saviour's life was a practical comment of this law. He ever met his foes with benevolence and kindness; and when his murderers, mocking his agonies, and adding insult to insult, he prays, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What a glorious comment upon the law, "Love your enemies."

But, alas, this heavenly law is set aside by even the greater part of the professed followers of Christ, who substitute the Mosaic law, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!"

The philanthropist Howard made the law of kindness his great rule of life. He left his comfortable home to visit and console the outcasts of society shut up in dark gloomy prisons. The hearts of the poor prisoners were awfully hardened by blows, chains, starvation and neglect·

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but no sooner was the angel voice of Howard heard, and his kindness felt, than the long-sealed feelings were opened, the dried-up sources of tears were filled, the waters of sorrow flowed, and the heart of sin became radiated with deep and undying love for his benevolent visitor.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, uniformly practised the law, "overcome evil with good." Thus he won all hearts. The peasantry loved him as their father—and long after his death, their tears would flow, when they said, "There is the chair on which our good Archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall see him no more." His uniform mildness gained him respect and protection even from the foes of his country. His diocese was often the theatre of war—but the English, Germans and Dutch even surpassed the inhabitant of Cambrai in their veneration for him. At such times, he gathered the wretched in his palace, and entertained them, for his dwellings were safe, even when armies were burning towns around him. All loved him—and the reason was, he carried out this noble principle, "Overcome evil with good."

Another striking instance of overcoming evil with good, we have in the case of John Frederic Oberlin, who was born in the city of Strasburgh, near the frontiers of France and Germany. At the age of twenty-six, and in the year 1767, he became pastor of a parish in a region of country about twenty miles from Strasburgh, whose

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inhabitants were semi-barbarians; their schools were nominal; many of their teachers could not read; the different villages could not communicate with each other from want of bridges and roads; their agriculture was of the rudest kind, while their language was almost unintelligible to refined ears. These evils were doubly entailed upon them by their invincible ignorance, the mother of superstition. When he manifested a desire to make improvements among them, the people of his charge became enraged, and even waylaid him for his destruction. But, by throwing himself among them unarmed and with a kind, yet firm and collected manner, he disarmed their resented. By uniformly pursuing a course of mild instruction, he obtained their confidence, until, by his influence and example, they opened roads in succession, betwen their villages and Strasburgh; they reared more comfortable buildings; they adopted a better mode of cultivation; they built good school-houses, and obtained more experienced teachers. Very soon, by the directions of this good man, the barren wilderness began to smile with well-cultivated fields, neat and convenient dwellings, while happiness entered every dwelling, and religion was found on every family altar.

All this change was accomplished by the *law of kindness*. He died in 1826, and the love for him was so universal and strong, that the inhabitants of the remotest village in his parish,

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though it rained in torrents, did not fail to come and take the last look of their "*dear father.*" His funeral procession was two miles long; and so strongly had his benevolence and kindness penetrated all hearts, that tears flowed from both Catholic and Protestant eyes.

During the last war, a Quaker lived among the inhabitants of a small settlement on our western frontier. When the savages commenced their desolating out-breaks, every inhabitant fled to the interior settlements, with the exception of the Quaker and his family. He determined to remain, and rely wholly upon the simple rule of disarming his enemies with entire confidence and kindness. One morning, he observed through the window a file of savages issuing from the forest in the direction of his house. He immediately went out and met them, and put out his hand to the leader of the party. But neither he or any of the party gave him any notice,—they entered his house, and searched for arms, and had they found any, most probably would have murdered every member of the family. There were none, however, and they quietly partook of the provisions set before them, and left him in peace. At the entrance of the forest, he noticed that they stopped, and appeared to be holding a council. Soon one of their number left the rest, and ran towards his dwelling. He reached the door, and fastened a simple white feather above it, and

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returned to his band, when they all disappeared. Ever after, that white feather saved him from the savages; for whenever a party came by and observed it, it was a sign of peace to them. In this instance, we perceive that the law of kindness disarmed savage foes, whose white feather told their red brethren, that the Quaker was a follower of Penn, and the friend of their race.

Two captains in the American army, during the last war, had each strict discipline in their respective companies—but one produced it by *excessive flogging*—the other by *kindness and firmness*. The soldiers of the severe captain *hated* him, and could they have obtained a favorable opportunity in battle, would have shot him without hesitation. The soldiers of the other captain *loved* him, and if necessary, would have waded through seas of blood to follow their beloved leader.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS ON THE INSANE.

There is a Lunatic Asylum for paupers at Hanwell, England. This asylum was formerly conducted on the old principle of violence, confinement, chains, strait jacket, whips and threats, until Dr. Ellis and his wife took charge of the establishment. They went into it with the broadest benevolence—their only governing power was "good sense and kindness;" for these

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were the soul of their system. They determined to visit every lunatic with lenity and liberty. Though such an experiment endangered their lives, yet they opened every door of the building, and gave its inmates free access to every part of the asylum, treating them, "as much as possible, as though they were sane." The result is ennobling,—after the pursuing of such a course *for twenty years, no accident has happened from it.* Miss Martineau, after visiting the asylum, says, "I saw the worst patients in the establishment, and conversed with them, and was far more delighted than surprised, to see the effect of companionship on those who might be supposed the most likely to irritate each other. One poor creature, in a paroxysm of misery, could not be passed by; and while I was speaking to her as she sat, two of the most violent patients in the ward joined me, and the one wiped away the scalding tears of the bound sufferer, while the other told me how gentle an education she had had, and how it grieved them all to see her there. The talk of these paupers often abounds with oaths, when they first enter; but the orderly spirit of the society soon banishes them. 'I cannot hear those words,' Mrs. Ellis says, 'I will hear any thing you have to say in a reasonable manner. I am in no hurry; I will sit down now, let me hear?' No oaths can follow an invitation like this; and the habit of using them is soon broken."

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The results have been extraordinary, for not only has kindness won the love and gratitude of the insane, but has rendered charms entirely useless, so that, though in 1834, they had 562 patients, there were only ten whose arms it was necessary even gently to confine. Ninety out of every hundred patients have been cured under this kind of treatment. Glorious results of the divine law, "Overcome evil with good."

TESTIMONY OF THE GRAND JURY OF LONDON.

In 1818, the Grand Jury of London visited the female prison, after its three hundred inmates had been a few months under the instruction of Mrs. Fry, whose rule was *kindness*, and made a "report to the court of the Old Bailey." After enumerating the blessings produced by the actions of Mrs. Fry and her friends, the report says, "If the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the *males* as well as *females*, it would be the *means* of converting a prison into *a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably become useful members of society.*" O how sublime and powerful is kindness!

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EFFECT OF KINDNESS ON SLAVES.

Says Miss Martineau, "A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment and talents of a large body of slaves was made, a few years since, by a relative of Chief Justice Marshall. This gentleman and his lady had attached their negroes to them by a long course of *judicious kindness.* At length an estate at some distance was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a strange overseer. He called his negroes together, and told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit the surplus to him of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at losing the family, but willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and choose the man their master would have pointed out, decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them with a parting charge, to keep their festivals, and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time, he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a

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festival day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching, to hear no merriment. On entering his fields, he found his 'force' all hard at work. As they flocked around him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him, that the crop would suffer in the present state by the loss of a day; and that, therefore, they had put off their holiday, which, however, they meant to take by and by. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on the estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against; but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighboring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped, with the utmost speed, to his plantation, arriving as night was on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their holiday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbors hearing the noise, on a quiet working day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection. The proprietor said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some reasons, ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes, it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself."

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A PEACEABLE SOCIETY IN AFRICA.

Richard Lardner, who conducted an expedition in Africa in 1830, states that a community of Peiatahs, who reside at Acha, unlike the surrounding population, are very quiet, take no part in war, are unambitious to gain territory, and carefully avoid all the quarrels of their neighbors. The consequence is, that they are highly respected and esteemed by all around them, while they remain entirely unmolested by the most warlike tribes.

KINDNESS IN SCHOOL.

Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, is engaged in a controversy with certain pedagogues in the city of Notions, on the question whether corporeal punishment is either useful or necessary as a means of securing proper discipline in schools. The Secretary tells the following story, which is a sufficient answer to all that we have ever seen urged in favor of the ferule and switch:

"In a town not thirty miles from Boston, a young lady, who aimed at the high standard of governing without force, and determined to live or die by her faith, went into a school which was far below the average in point of good

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order. Such were tne gentleness and sweetness of her manners, and intercourse with her pupils, that, for a few days there was nothing but harmony. Soon, however, some of the older pupils began to fall back into their former habits of inattention and mischief. This relapse she met with tender and earnest remonstrances, and by an increased manifestation of interest in them. But it was soon whispered among the transgressors that she would not punish, and this added at once to their confidence and their numbers. The obedient were seduced into disobedience, and the whole school seemed rapidly revolving into anarchy. Near the close of one forenoon, when this state of things was approaching a crisis, the teacher suspended the regular exercises of the school, and made an appeal, individually, to her insubordinate pupils. But, finding no hope-giving response from their looks or words, she returned to her seat, and bowed her head and wept bitterly. When her paroxysm of grief had subsided, she dismissed the school for the morning. After intermission she returned, resolving on one more effort, but anticipating, should that fail, the alternative of abandoning the school. She found the pupils all in their seats. Taking her own, she paused for a moment, to gain strength for her final appeal. At this juncture of indescribable pain, several of the ring-leaders rose from their seats and approached her. They said to her that

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they appeared on account of the school, and particularly on their own, to ask pardon for what they had done, to express their sorrow for the pain they had caused her, and to promise, in behalf of all, that her wishes should thereafter be cordially obeyed. Her genuine sorrow had touched a spot in their hearts which no blows could ever reach; and, from that hour, the school went on with a degree of intellectual improvement never known before; and, like the sweet accord of music, when every instrument has been attuned by a master's hand, no jarring note ever afterwards arose to mar its perfect harmony."

A LESSON FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

The Smith School in Boston, composed exclusively of Colored Children, was taught for many years previous to August last, by a man who believed it impossible to secure the obedience of his scholars without a constant and vigorous use of the ferule and other kindred appliances. According to his faith were his works; he flogged the children most thoroughly on the slightest provocation—sometimes with blows on their heads with his hand or fist, sometimeswith a ferule, and occasionally with the bastinado applied to their backs or feet, according to his humor. We believe it was never doubted

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that he made full proof of all the instrumentalities known to the science of flogging for the purpose of keeping his school in order. During the latter portion of the period above alluded to, we have understood he mingled his floggings with prayers and much pious counsel. But in spite of all these means of enforcing obedience, the school grew worse apace; the children appeared to love fighting better than study, and were engaged in the former quite as often as in the latter, and that, too, in the school-room! The scholars complained of abuse, and the parents besought the proper authority for a change of masters. An investigation took place, and, strange to say, the teacher did not want defenders. Christian men were not wanting, who declared that without flogging it would be impossible to govern any school, least of all one composed of *colored* children. Like the old woman who protested that to take away her total depravity would be to destroy her religion, they contended that to put aside the ferule and the bastinado would be sure to bring nothing but chaos. The cruelties of the master underwent a white washing from the Committee of Investigation, and the hearts of parents and children were ready to sink with despair. They persevered, however, till at length the obnoxious teacher was removed.

Then came up the question who should take this school, confessedly the worst in Boston.

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The place was solicited by a young man in whose heart was an all-pervading faith in the power of kindness to control the wayward and the disobedient. So strong was his conviction that good was mightier than evil, that he sought a place in this school rather than any other, because it was universally regarded as the worst in the city, and he wished the experiment of governing children by the power of love, to be tried under circumstances which would serve to make the result as impressive as possible. It was in August last that Mr. AMBROSE WELLINGTON, the young man to whom we allude, entered the school as its teacher. *Not one of his scholars has he struck a blow from that day to the present.* By those gentle means only which are in strict conformity to his grand idea of moral influence in distinction from physical force, has he sought to control the actions of those under his charge. And what has been the result? In the first place, his kindness won for him the warm affection and confidence of his scholars, and when these had been secured, the grand obstacle to the complete success of his experiment was removed. The fights and brawls which were common under the old system grew less and less frequent, the children gradually acquired a better control of their passions, till at length a healthy sentiment in favor of good order and diligence pervaded the school. The hardest boys were subdued to gentleness by the forbearance of

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their teacher, and won to the path of virtuous emulation by his deep interest in their welfare. The change in the aspect of the school, is said by those who have witnessed it, to be wonderful indeed.

Thus far we have stated facts as they were communicated to us not long since in Boston. Our attention has just been recalled to the subject by a communication in the Boston Atlas, in which we find it stated that the committee appointed to inquire into the condition of the school since the new teacher entered upon his labors, have just made a report, founded upon a very thorough examination, in which they express themselves most agreeably disappointed in its condition. They speak in strong terms of satisfaction of the progress of the scholars, the *good order* of the school, and the kind and paternal discipline of the master. The report is said to be from the pen of Rev. Dr. Sharp, a distinguished Baptist clergyman, and his associates were Rev. E. M. P. Wells, an Episcopalian, and Rev. Charles Brooks, a Unitarian. Well does the writer in the Atlas say—

"To those who are familiar with the recent history and previous condition of the Smith School, this result, attested to by such unexceptionable witnesses as Messrs. Sharp, Brooks and Wells, is deserving of special remark. We have italicised above the words good order. We did so, that all those who look to the rod,

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the ferrule, and the scourge, as the only safe and reliable means of preserving "*good order*" in a school-room, although the voice of public indignation is banishing it from our State prisons, and the backs of convicted felons, may notice the *fact* that good order *does exist* to an extent that may challenge comparison with any school-room in Boston, in the Smith School, where *there has not been a single blow struck since the present master took possession of the school-room!* Mark this, all ye who scout at the idea of governing by moral influences, and by moral suasion! Here in the Smith School—acknowledged on all hands to be the worst possible field for the experiment of governing children by kindness rather than by the "*authority, force, fear*" of the "*thirty-one*"—here, among a class of children, to whom some of you profess to believe heaven has denied the same mental and intellectual advantages that he has given to a whiter skin;—here, certainly, among children, the poverty and often viciousness of the parents of a portion of whom, neglect and bad treatment at home, bad associates, and the injustice of society to a large proportion, have been the worst possible preparatives for such a trial;—here, too, where a little more than a year ago, the employment of the bastinado, and the most ingenious devices of cruelty, if not justified, were at least palliated by Mr. Frederick Emerson, your great apostle, and the continuance of the

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late master in office recommended, because milder government would be out of place among such children;—here, in this most unfavorable of all the fields that could be selected for such an experiment, the trial has been made, and thus far with a success that is surprising only to those who have been so unfortunate as to have no faith in the superior advantages of moral influences over the degrading appliances of corporeal punishments and physical pain. Let all those who still adhere to the belief that if you abolish or hang up the rod, chaos will come again, contrast the present state of good order in the Smith School, where the "*persuasive*" only is in force, with that in the Eliot, where the report of their committee informs us the "impulsive" abounds, and my word for it, the state and prospects of the latter—not their skins perhaps—will be found to be darker than those of the former."

We hope this example may do much to aid the efforts now making in Massachusetts and elsewhere to abolish the brutal practice of flogging in schools. That the tendency of the practice is to degrade both teacher and scholar, can hardly be doubted by any one who will candidly reflect upon the subject, while its utter want of adaptation to produce genuine obedience is a sufficient reason why it should be discarded now and forever.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington was remarkable for the uniform and strict subjection of his passion and appetites, and self-will. He was rarely seen in ill-humor, uniformly courteous to all around him, especially to his inferiors, calm and uniform amid the greatest perplexities, to which, in his public duties, he was constantly subjected.—*Temperance Offering.*

A SMILE.

Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sun-light. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds charm to beauty, decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble the angel of Paradise. Who will refuse to smile?—*Temperance Offering.*

IDLE WORDS.

Bishop Burgess, in speaking of his intimate friendship with Archbishop Leighton,—an inti-

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macy that existed unbroken for more than twenty-two years—says, "I never, during that period, heard him utter an idle word, nor one that did not tend directly to edification, nor did I ever see him in any other temper of mind than such as I should desire to be found in when I come to die."

WRATH DISARMED.

A man of my acquaintance, who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment, he made him a visit for the avowed purpose of quarrelling with him. He accordingly stated to him the nature and extent of the injury done him, and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty, expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and offering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say he was satisfied, and withdrew full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct. As he was walk-

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ing home, he said to himself, "There must be more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been witness, and especially with so much frankness, humility and meekness *to acknowledge the wrong* which I had done; so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured, and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger by anger, &c. There is something in religion that I have hitherto been a stranger to." He soon became a Christian, and at length a minister of the gospel.—*Dr. Dwight.*

PINEL AND THE PRISONER OF FORTY YEARS.

Pinel had the charge of the Bedlam at Paris, and governed the maniacs by the law of kindness alone, the account of which is extracted from a letter read at the Academy of Sciences, by a son of the celebrated Pinel in 1796.

"The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried, was an English Captain, whose history no one knew, *as he had been in chains forty years.* He was thought to be one of the

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most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of fury killed one of them with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more vigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and injure no one.' 'Yes, I promise you, (said the maniac,) but you are laughing at me—you are all too much afraid of me.' 'I have six men, (said Pinel,) ready to enforce my commands, if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word, I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat.' He submitted to this willingly, without a word. His chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell back again on it; for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps, came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, 'how beautiful!'

During the rest of the day, he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the stair-cases, and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening, he returned of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed than he had been

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accustomed to had been prepared for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicetre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful, by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion."

In the course of a few days, Pinel *released fifty-three manaics from their chains;* among them were men of all conditions and countries; workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, etc. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquility and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness which had the most favorable effect on the insane themselves, *rendering the most furious more tractable.*

We see in this very striking and beautiful illustration of the influence of the law of kindness, that it subdues the raging manaic into calmness, and to become as obedient as a child. Since violent madness bows before kindness, what may we expect its effects to be on the sane?

EFFECT OF KIND WORDS.

"*A soft answer turneth away wrath.*"—Prov. xv. 1.

When Esau was on his way to take vengeance on his brother Jacob, the latter sent him

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a present, accompanied by words of kindness, which melted the revengeful heart of Esau into love for his brother.

The kind words of David to his mortal enemy, Saul, melted him to tears. (1 Sam. xxiv. 7—19.)

EFFECTS OF HARSH WORDS.

"Grievous words stir up anger."

When Rehoboam succeeded Solomon, many of his subjects requested some of their burdens to be removed. The king first asked counsel of some of his old men, who advised him to be kind to his subjects, and speak pleasantly to them, and assured him, that thus he would have loving and loyal subjects; but his young counsellors "spake unto him, saying, thus shalt thou answer the people that spake unto thee, saying, As my father put a heavy yoke upon you, I will put more to your yoke; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." (2 Chron. 10th chap.) Rehoboam followed the latter advice, and the result was, the ten tribes were filled with rage, and revolted against their oppressive ruler.

EFFECT OF EXAMPLE ON CHILDREN.

Children are imitative beings, and are moulded by the example around them, whether good or

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bad. The children of one family are amiable, peaceful, virtuous and happy; of another the very opposite, and are almost devils incarnate; in the former, the example was good—in the latter, bad. Says Williams, "I have endeavored to familiarize my children to those things that excite fear. In their infancy, we accustomed them to look at, and even touch spiders, frogs, &c. It was enough to set them the example, and they soon wished to have them and bring them up. I have seen Adelaide weep at the death of her favorite frog, and show as much grief as if she had lost the most beautiful Canary bird. When it has thundered and lightened, every body near them has cried out, "What a charming sight! look at the clouds and the flashes of lightning!" and the children have been delighted to sit at the window to watch the progress of the storm." In several Cantons of Switzerland, there were no criminals, prisoners, and the reason is the great care taken to give children, even the poorest, a moral and religious education, both by precept and example.

EFFECTS OF HUMANITY ON NATIONS.

In the ratio that cruel laws have given place to more humane ones, in the same ratio have crimes decreased. During the entire reign of

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Catharine II., of Russia, for about twenty years, even in that semi-barbarous nation, *not one murder was committed.* She abolished the punishment of death, and substituted imprisonment. Leopold of Tuscany, also abolished the death-punishment, *and no part of Italy was so free from crime as that land.*

OUR ACTIONS.

"Our actions must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them alone, we cannot say we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious; these are the only *title deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is as nothing."—*Lacon.*

OUR THOUGHTS

Says an eloquent preacher, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow men."

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REVENGE.

"There is a difference between a debt of revenge and every other debt. By paying our other debts, we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior."—*Lacon.*

FEAR AND HOPE.

"Fear debilitates and lowers, but hope animates and revives; therefore, rulers and magistrates should attempt to operate on the minds of their respective subjects, if possible, by reward rather than punishment. And this principle will be strengthened by another consideration; he that is punished or rewarded, while he falls or rises in the estimation of others, cannot fail to do so in his own."—*Lacon.*

MISTAKEN IDEAS.

"That time and labor are worse than useless, hat have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which will be necessary one day to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric,

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always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but also to root out."—*Lacon.*

FORGIVENESS.

"*Father, forgive them,*" &c.—JESUS.

"No trait in the human character is so amiable as this; none so ennobling in its nature, so purifying in its tendency, so glorious in its results. Revenge is devil-like; but forgiveness is God-like. Revenge and hate are the offspring of hell; forgiveness and love of heaven.

Our blessed Saviour directs us to pray to God to be forgiven as we forgive; and informs us that if we forgive not men their trespasses against us, that our Heavenly Father will not forgive our sins against him. Hence, unless, we possess a forgiving spirit, we can never enter heaven.

We cannot be happy so long as we meditate revenge to a fellow-being. There is delight in forgiving and being forgiven. How quick a reunion of hearts takes place, when pardon is asked, when "I forgive you, escapes the lips"—lips, too, once alienated and estranged. Alas! how many professed Christians indulge in a spirit of revenge, and dishonor Christianity, and

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disgrace themselves. Alas! how tney lose sight of Jesus, who was ever ready to forgive and forget the injuries heaped upon him—who returned not evil for evil, but good for evil, kindness for ingratitude."

"Where is the heart that will not throb and heave,
At the faint cry, forgive me, O forgive!"

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh! still in thy loveliness, emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling life's sway;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day.

Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling,
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing—
Some hearts that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met,
Oh! how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If heaven refused to forgive and forget!

LET NEVER CRUELTY DISHONOR BEAUTY.

"Let never cruelty dishonor beauty"—
Be no such war between thy face and mind,
Heaven with each blessing sends an answering duty;
It made thee fair, and meant thee to be kind.

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Resemble not the panther's treacherous seeming,
That looks so lovely to beguile its prey;
Seek not to match the basilisk's false gleaming,
That charms the fancy only to betray.

See the great Sun! God's best and brightest creature—
Alike on good and ill his gifts he showers:
Look at the Earth, whose large and liberal nature,
To all who court her offers fruits and flowers.

Then, lady, lay aside that haughty scorning—
A robe unmeet to deck a mortal frame;
Mild be thy light, and innocent as morning,
And shine on high and humble still the same.

Bid thy good-will, in bright abundance flowing—
To all around its kindly stream impart;
Thy love the while on One alone bestowing,
The fittest found, the object of thy heart!

A PLEASANT DISPOSITION.

Take all the forms of wealth and ease,
Of pleasure rife in all degrees—
Yet life will us forever—tease,
Without a pleasant disposition.

The varied scenes of life complex—
The fondest love of either sex—
Yet trials will forever vex—
Without a pleasant disposition.

Be then our study and delight,
From rose-lip'd morn till sable night,

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To gain the prize so fair and bright,
A sweet and pleasant disposition.

Our cup will then be filled with joy,
And pleasure ere without alloy,
No clouds to dim—no cheer to cloy,
An even-tempered disposition.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear,—
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently: love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear,
Pass through this life as best we may
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

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Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity alone shall tell.

SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD

Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim?
A wild and restless spirit tame?
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirr'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word.
Speak not! that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny!

If wildly he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware!
Reform must come from kindly care.

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Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love.
Though sadly his young heart hath err'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venom'd chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The stinging touch of sharp rebuke.
Thou would'st not goad the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed,
Then let no angry tones be heard,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel,
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his "wildly devious way"—
So shalt thou win him, call him back,
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to heaven.

SCOLDING.

"A great deal of injury is done to children by their parents scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become vagabonds and wanderers, by scolding. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your chil-

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dren likewise. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

DOING GOOD.

A few years since, a wealthy gentleman of Paris, who lived in idleness, at length became weary of life, and left his house one evening, with the intention of drowning himself in the river Seine; it being yet twilight when he arrived at its bank, he concluded to walk about a short time, till it was darker, so that he should not be discovered. While thus engaged, he put his hand in his pocket, and felt a purse, which was filled with gold; he concluded to go and find

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some poor family, and give it to them, as it would do no one any good, if he cast himself into the river with the money. He soon found a poor dwelling that bespoke poverty within; he entered it, and there he beheld the mother of the family stretched on a bed of sickness, and some six children in rags, and crying for bread. He gave them his purse of gold, and immediately their tears of sorrow were transformed into tears of joy; and their gratitude was so ardent and simple to their benefactor, as to fill his heart with joy and peace, and he exclaimed, "I did not before know that there was so much happiness in doing good. I abandon the idea of killing myself, and will devote the remnant of my life to doing good." He did so, and was much distinguished for his deeds of benevolence.

STATEMENT OF FACTS BY I. T. HOPPER.

Amid the repeated cheers of his audience, he related several anecdotes connected with his own experience, whilst Inspector of the prison in Philadelphia. He said he trusted the apparent egotism would be excused, because his motive in speaking in his own name was merely to give authenticity to the anecdotes, and to aid a good cause by the testimony of his own experience.

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Mary Norris, a middle aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed to prison, on one occasion begged me to intercede for her, that she might get out. "I am afraid thou wouldst come back again," said I.

"Very likely; I *expect* to be brought back soon," she answered.

"Then where will be the use of letting thee out?"

"I should like to go out," said she. "It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine."

"But if thou enjoys liberty so much, why dost thy allow thyself to be brought back again?"

"How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence; nobody will believe me innocent. They will all say, 'She is an old convict—send her back to prison—that is the best place for *her*.' O, yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better."

It touched my feelings to hear her speak thus; and I said, "But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and be paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?

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Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, "Indeed I would."

I used my influence to procure her dismissal, and succeeded in obtaining a good place for her, as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

I have aided and encouraged, I should think, as many as fifty young culprits, by means similar to those I have mentioned; and it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to state to you that only two of these turned out badly.

In connection with these anecdotes, Friend Hopper said he could not help mentioning a subject, which often gave him great pain. He often saw in the papers, accounts of young people committed to prison for small offences; in this way, their characters were blasted, and they often became reckless and desperate. If those who prosecuted on such occasions, would only make use of fatherly reproof, and friendly advice, and encouragement, he was confident that a very large portion of those delinquents might become useful and honored members of society.

THE RECLAIMED.

Facts are constantly occurring which show the happy results of efforts made by the Ladies' Temperance Associations.

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The following is from a small sheet, entitled, "Truth is stronger than Fiction."

"There is a chord, even in the most corrupt heart, that vibrates to kindness. Associated *female influence* can reform the most intemperate, and elevate the most degraded."

"This poor, neglected, disappointed, homeless, and at last penniless wife and mother, had lived on, waiting and hoping the dawn of better days, until hope itself was *dead*. And as she felt despair, dark and gloomy, twining its folds about her heart, she aroused herself to break from its chilling embrace. But its dull shadow was on her path—the eye of sympathy and friendship lighted not its gloom—the voice of kindness or kindred penetrated not the deep stillness of her sorrow, and she said within herself, 'I shall at least taste *forgetfulness* in the dregs of the cup that has brought poverty and wretchedness. Need we tell the change that comes upon the heart, where despair, utter despair, has gained possession? Need we say the tender heart of the mother becomes stone? and that without feeling, she sees her little ones, once her anxious care and pride, go forth beggars, to supply the cravings of a more than natural appetite? As this poor object of disappointed hope, now a victim of the intoxicating cup, listened for the first time to the voice of human sympathy, she raised her tall and emaciated figure to its utmost height, and gathering about her person the tattered remains of her one garment, as gazing in-

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tensely into the face of her visitor, she said, 'What is life to me? I have tasted them all, and what is left? *Once* I had a mother—once I had a home, a husband and children. I know the end of my course—it is *death*. But how can *I live?* No—no—day by day I take my death draught, and the night of the grave will soon close over my sorrow.'

"Not many weeks had elapsed since the fearful interview just narrated took place, when a respectable, well-dressed female was observed on her way to the city, from a neighboring village, with a little child, towards whom she seemed to hold the responsible relation of nurse. After landing, she walked with her little charge towards the residence of Mrs.———. As she approached, the big tears fell rapidly, and the increasing paleness of her countenance showed deep emotion. But her's was joy and gratitude, so full and strong, that tears, not words, could tell their intensity. She comes to thank that Christian female who knew so well how to speak encouragement and hope to the comfortless and hopeless."

"How sweet 'tis to visit with smiles on the brow,
The cot of the poor that is desolate now—
To relieve the wo-stricken—make glad the lone breast,
Give joy to the heart—set its sorrows to rest."

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A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY G. C. SMITH, OF PENZANCE.

A few months since, a vessel sailed from England, with a captain, whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny, so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for the sudden and alarming illness of their cruel and depraved commander. The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his sufferings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, "Captain, how are you?" A surly voice replied, "What's that to you?—be off." Next morning, however, he went down again—"Captain, I hope you are better." "O, Bob, I'm very bad; been very ill all night." "Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much." The captain nodded assent. Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, master, let me shave you." He was permitted to do this also; and, having adjusted the bedclothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea.

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The captain knew he had no mercy to expect from his crew, and had determined not to solicit any: "I'll perish," said his obstinate, perverse soul, "rather than ask one favor of them." But the kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

The captain now declined apace: his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should not live many weeks at farthest. His mind was filled with increasing terror as the prospect of death and eternity drew nearer to his confused and agitated view. He was as ignorant as he was wicked. Brought up among the worst of seamen in early life, he had imbibed all their principles, followed their practices, and despised remonstrance or reproof. A man-of-war had finished his education; and a long course of successful voyages, as master of a vessel, had contributed to harden his heart, and led him not only to say there is no God, but to act under that persuasion. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience now thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, just as Bob opened the state-room door, and affectionately inquired, "Well, master, how is it with you this morning?" "Ah, Bob, I'm very bad; my body is getting worse and worse, but I should not mind

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that so much, were it not for my soul. O, Bob, what shall I do? I'm a great sinner. I'm afraid I shall go to hell—I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man." "O no, master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you." "No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. O, what a sinner I have been! what will become of me?" His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning the boy just appeared, when the captain sung out, "O, Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin; go forward and see if you can find one in the men's chests." The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy. "Ah, Bob, that will do—that will do; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that blessed book." "Where shall I read, master?" "I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinners* and *salvation*." "Well, master, then I'll take the New Testament; you and I shall understand it better, for, as my poor mother used to say, there are not so many hard words there." The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the ed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man

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on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul beheld sin as he had never seen it before. The justice of God in his eternal ruin struck him with amazing force; and, though he had heard of a Saviour, still the great difficulty of knowing how *he* could be saved appeared a mystery unfathomable. He had been ruminating a great part of the night on some passages Bob had read, but they only served to depress his spirits and terrify his soul.

The next morning, when the boy entered the state-room, he exclaimed, "O, Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I am dying very fast; you'll soon have to cast me overboard; but all this is nothing—my soul, my poor soul? O, I shall be lost forever. Can't you pray?" "No, master, I never prayed in my life, any more than the Lord's Prayer my mother taught me." "O, Bob, pray for me; go down on your knees and cry for mercy; do, Bob, God bless you for it. O kneel down and pray for your poor wicked captain." The boy hesitated, the master urged, the lad wept, the master groaned, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Both cried greatly. "O, Bob, for God's sake kneel down and pray for me." Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs cried out, "O Lord, have mercy on my poor dying captain! O Lord, I'm a poor, ignorant, wicked sailor-boy. Lord, I

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don't know what to say. Lord, the captain says I must pray for him, but I don't know how. Lord, have mercy on him. He says he shall be lost—Lord, save him! He says he shall go to hell—Lord, take him to heaven! He says he shall be with devils—O that he may be with angels! Don't let him perish, O Lord! Thou knowest I love him, and am sorry he's so ill. The men won't come near him, but I'll do the best I can for him as long as he lives; but I can't save him. O Lord, pity my poor captain: see how thin and weak he is! O comfort his troubled mind! O help me, Lord, to pray for my master." The captain was too much affected to speak. The simplicity, sincerity, and humility of the lad's prayer had so much impressed his mind, that he lay groaning inwardly with spiritual anguish, and wetting his couch with his tears. Bob retired on deck, for the scene had quite overcome him. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, whose soul appeared to receive every word with indescribable eagerness. The next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. That gloomy horror which had so long added to the natural ferocity of his weather-beaten countenance was fled, and while his afflictions had softened and more fully exhibited the various parts of his countenance, the circumstance of the past night had settled

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the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm and resigned state, that would seem to say, an heir of grace can find "glory begun below."

"O, Bob, my dear lad,' said the captain, with great humility, "I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in that corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ hanging bleeding on his cross. Struck with the thought, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At length I thought he looked on me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart—my pulse beat high—my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmixed with hope, I saw him smile. O, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on *me*—on *me*, Bob. O, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! my heart was too full to speak, but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—O, Bob, what sounds were

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these! shall I ever hear his beloved voice again? I heard him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, '*Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee!*' My heart burst with joy; I fell prostrate at his feet; could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory! The vision vanished; I fell back on my pillow; I opened my eyes; I was covered with perspiration. I said, O, this cannot be a dream! No, Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read me out of the Bible, and feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even *me*. I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more: I am now ready to die; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind, of late, has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last." The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me." "Bob," said he, calmly, "my dear boy, comfort your mind; I am happy, I am going to be happy for ever. I feel for you; my bowels yearn over you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. O, may you ever be kept from those crimes into which

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I have fallen. Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great; God will reward you for it. To you I owe every thing as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely he sent you to me! God bless you, my dear boy; tell the crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them." Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock. Eager the next morning to meet again, Bob arose at day-light, and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow and crawled to the corner of his bed-place, where, in his dream, he beheld the cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship-side. The boy paused and waited a few moments, fearful of disturbing his master. At length he called, in a sort of whisper, "Master." No answer. "Master." No reply. He ventured to creep forward a little, and then said, "Master." All was silent! Again he cried, "Captain." Silence reigned! He stretched out his hand and touched his leg; it was cold, and stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain." He raised his hand to his shoulder; he tenderly shook it. The position of the body was altered: it declined gently until it rested on the bed; but the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

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M. LE PELLETIER.

I was travelling through Orleans, says Diderot, accompanied by an officer. Nothing was talked of in the town but what had lately happened to an inhabitant of the name of Le Pelletier, a man who showed the deepest commisseration for the poor, so that, after having, by his great liberality, exhausted a considerable fortune, he was reduced to a state of poverty himself. Though he had barely sufficient for his daily wants, he yet persisted in the benevolent labors he had undertaken, and went from door to door, seeking, from the superfluities of others, that assistance for the destitute which it was no longer in his power to bestow.

The poor and well-informed persons had but one opinion of the conduct of this individual; but many rich men, who wasted their substance in riotous feastings and journies to Paris, looked upon him as a madman, and his near relations treated him as a lunatic who had foolishly spent his wealth.

Whilst refreshing ourselves at the inn, a number of loiterers had assembled round a man who was speaking, a hairdresser, and were earnestly addressing him, "You were present, do tell us how it was."

"Willingly, gentlemen," replied he, and appeared as impatient to relate as they were to hear, the following narrative:—

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Monsieur Aubertot, one of my customers, whose house faces the church, was standing at his door, when Mons. le Pelletier accosted him, "Monsieur, can you give me nothing for my friends?" (thus he called the poor.)

"Not to-day, sir."

Mons. Le Pelletier added, "Oh! if you but knew for whom I ask your charity! There is a poor woman! a distressed mother! who has not a rag to wrap round her new-born babe!—"

"I cannot to-day!"

"There is a daughter, who, though young, has for a long while maintained her father and her mother; but now she wants work, and starves."

"I cannot, Mons. le Pelletier; I cannot afford it."

"There is a poor working man, who earns his bread by hard labor; he has just broken his leg by a fall from a scaffolding."

"But, sir, I cannot afford it, I assure you."

"Pray, pray, Mons. Aubertot, allow yourself to be moved; oh, have compassion!"

"I cannot afford it, sir; I cannot, indeed, afford it."

"My good, good, merciful Mons. Aubertot—"

"Mons. le Pelletier, I beg you will leave me: when I wish to give, you know I do not need to be entreated."

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Saying these words, he turned and passed into his warehouse. Mons. le Pelletier soon followed him to his warehouse, to his back shop, and then into his apartment. Here Mons. Aubertot, exasperated by his continued and pressing entreaties, lifted his hand, and struck him! The blow was received. The hero of Christian charity smiled, and with a bright smiling look exclaimed, "Well, that for me; but the poor! what for the poor?"

[At these words all present expressed their admiration by a burst of applause, and the feelings of some produced tears.]

The officer with whom I was, had the presumption to exclaim, "Mons. le Pelletier is but a poltroon, and had I been there, this sabre would have obtained satisfaction for him. A blow, indeed! a blow!"

The hairdresser replied, "I perceive, sir, you would not have allowed the insolent offender time to acknowledge his fault."

"No, indeed!"

"Well, sir, Mons. Aubertot, when he saw such a benevolent spirit, burst into tears, fell at the feet of the injured man, offered him his purse, and a thousand times asked his forgiveness.'

"But what of that," said the officer," his hand upon his sabre, and his countenance inflamed with anger, "I would have cut off the ears of Mons. Aubertot."

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I then answered calmly, "You, sir, are a soldier; Mons. le Pelletier is a Christian!"

These few plain words had a wonderful effect. The street resounded with applause; and I said within myself, How much more dignified are we with the gospel in our heart, than when we would maintain, at the point of the sword, that imaginary idol, that vain phantom, which the world calls honor!

JOHN BRUEN, ESQ.

A gentleman once sent his servant to John Bruen, Esq., of Bruen, requesting him never to set a foot upon his ground; to whom he sent this reply, "If it please your master to walk upon my grounds, he shall be very welcome; but if he please to come to my house, he shall be still more welcome." By thus heaping coals of fire upon his head, he melted him down into love and tenderness, and made him his cordial friend.

TWO CHRISTIANS.

Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon

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your wrath," just before sunset, one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren!

SIGISMOND.

Some courtiers reproached the Emperor Sigismond, that, instead of destroying his conquered foes, he admitted them to favor. "Do I not," replied this illustrious monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies, when I make them my friends?"

A POOR NEGRO.

A slave in one of the islands of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became very valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good

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conduct. After some time, his master raised him to a situation of importance in the management of his estate. His owner, on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instruction to choose those who were strong, and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave market, and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eye intently upon one old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master appeared greatly surprised at his choice, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked, that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed: he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup: when he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Astonished at the attention bestowed upon a fellow slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, "You could not take so intense an interest in the

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old man, but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?" "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my father!"—"He is then an elder brother?"—"No, massa, he no my brother!"—"Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?" "No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."—"Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave: "he sold me to the slave dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; and when he thirst, give him drink."

THE CHEROKEE WOMEN.

A few poor Cherokee women, who had been converted to Christianity, formed themselves into a society for the propagation of the gospel, which was now become so dear to them. The produce of the first year was about ten dollars, and the question was—to what immediate object this should be applied? At length, a poor woman proposed that it should be given to promote the circulation of the gospel in the Osage nation: "For," said she, "the Bible tells us to do good to our enemies, Matt. v. 44; and I believe the Osages are the greatest enemies the Cherokees have."

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A LITTLE GIRL.

A very little girl, who often read her Bible, gave proof that she understood her obligation to obey its precepts. One day, she came to her mother, much pleased, to show her some fruit which had been given to her. The mother said, the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. "Yes," said the child, "very indeed; and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away." The mother inquired to whom she had given them; when she answered, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me." On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again." How admirably did she thus obey the command to "overcome evil with good!"

KINDNESS & PEACE PRINCIPLES TESTED.

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland, during the memorable rebellion of 1798. During that conflict, the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they

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refused to fight, or to pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause of death, that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion, nor help them fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties, and as usual in civil war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banner. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the Government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties, and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols, and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street to be massacred. But the pistol dropped, when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will

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not harm thee, or any other human being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as those. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children, who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend; "so long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succor the helpless and distressed, whether they belog to thy ranks, or those of thy enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away, and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker School teacher of Ballitore, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. "Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me," replied the teacher. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and if he would not fight, he should at least stop a bullet. His house and school-house were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that *the houses of the men of peace were the only places of safety.* Some of the women followed the soldiers, begging them not to take

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away their friend and protector, a man who expended more for the sick and starving, than others did for arms and ammunition. The school-teacher said, "Do not be distressed, my friends. I forgive these neighbors; for what they do, they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armor.

The flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest to be christened. They had not led him far before he sank down from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our Heaveuly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few minutes, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand. Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brother tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones that had been cherished. Whichever party marched

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into a village victorious, the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all, and harm to none." While flames were raging and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peace-makers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were the most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform, and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, "and therefore they invited it." During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, going miles across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path. The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held, but unwilling to hurt the Quakers, advised them to avoid the public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear it would be right for them to go by any other than the public usual high road. And by the high road they went

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unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.—*Mrs. Child.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The great mistake that people seem to me to make about animals is this: they fancy that they must be frightened into obedience, and kept from disobeying their masters by being made afraid of punishmeut. I dare say that animals, like human beings, often need correction; but two things are necessary to make it of use. One is, not to punish them too severely, which only hardens them in rebellion; the other is, never to hurt them at all except for a real fault —something that they know to be a fault, and know that they will be punished for doing. Otherwise, the poor beast, not knowing when or where it may be beaten, gets confused and foolish, and does wrong, as any boy might do, from being in a great fright. The truth is, that the animals are very sensible, and very willing to do their best. They are fond of being praised and rewarded; they become very much attached to those who treat them kindly; and when they are so attached, they are very happy, and show off all the fine qualities that make

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them both valuable and entertaining. I am going to tell you some stories about my own favorites; and, to prevent your thinking that they were different from others of the same kind, I shall begin by letting you into the secret of making them so clever.

Once I had a mare, such a beautiful creature she was! She had lived in a sort of farm, in North America, where they had not put her to work, and where the children had been used to play with her. She was hardly full grown. I lived then in a house with very low windows, and the pretty mare was grazing on the outside. One warm day, the windows were all open, and I was sitting at work, when she popped her beautiful head and neck in at the one nearest to me. I gave her a bit of bread that was lying by me, and told her to go away; but she would not. I said to myself, "Why should I drive her away? God made the animals to be loving and confiding towards man; and if this lonely creature wants me to be a friend to her, why should I not? The Bible says, 'A merciful man requiteth the life of his beast;' and what is life to a poor animal that has no hereafter to look to, if its life be without comforts?" So I put down my work, and went and rubbed her forehead, stroked her long white face, patted her shining neck, and talked to her. After this, when I was alone at my morning work, she was sure to put her head in at one of the windows, to ask, in her

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dumb way, to be petted; and many an apple, many a handful of oats, did she get by coming there. She would soon listen for my footsteps about the house, and I seldom could look out from any window without seeing her under it, or before it. She would also follow me like a dog when I walked in the grounds where she grazed.

The Arab treats his horse like a child; gives it to eat of his own victuals, to drink of his own bowl of milk, and lets it sleep in the midst of his family. Of course, the animal becomes so fond of him, that it serves him for love, carries him through all dangers, and has often been known to defend him with its life. We cannot bring up our horses in this way, nor treat them as the wild Arab does; but knowing what sense, and feeling, and gratitude, and love, this noble creature can and does show, we ought to be always watching to avoid giving it unnecessary pain, and to persuade others to be equally kind.

I am writing this book in a room with a carpet, and good furniture, but I have my two dogs with me. There is little Fiddy, the small spaniel, at my feet, where he has lain every day for eight years; and there is Bronti, the fine big Newfoundlander, lying, where do you think? Why the rogue has got upon the sofa, and when I shake my head at him, he wags his long tail, and turns up his large bright eyes to my face, as much as to say, "Pray let me stop here; it is

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so comfortable." But no, Bronti, you must walk down, my fine fellow, or some lady coming to see me, may have her gown soiled, which would not be fair. We have no right to make our pets a plague to other people, and, perhaps, a means of injuring them too.

That was enough for Bronti; no need of a loud, cross, or threatening voice. He saw that I wished him to leave the sofa, and he wags his tail as contentedly on the carpet. I can manage him with a word, almost with a look, because he was born in the house, and has never been away from me; but master Fiddy was a year or two older when I had him, and some things he will do in spite of me. He will hunt a cat, kill a bird, and growl most furiously over a bone. Bronti has the same nature, but his love for us overcomes it all. He would live peaceably with a cat, if we had one; he will let the chickens and pigeons perch upon him, or walk between his feet; and last year I had half a dozen tame mice, which I used to let out upon him, when they would nestle in his warm coat, run races over and under him, and he would not move a limb, for fear of hurting one. As to a bone, he will allow me to take it out of his mouth at any time; and, what is more, he will readily give it up to Fiddy, whose little teeth can only nibble off the meat; and when he has done that, Bronti takes it, and munches the bone.

Once, out of a great many fowls, belonging to

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a dear friend in whose house I lived, there was only one that would not be friends with me. She was a fine old speckled black and white hen, very wild; and her running away from me vexed me; for I cannot bear that any of God's creatures should think I would be so cruel as to hurt it. Well, I set myself to whaddle this hen into being on better terms; taking crumbs to her, and persuading her by degrees to feed from my hand, like the rest. This was very good: but it did not stop here. Whether Mrs. Hen was flattered by so much attention, or whether she was desirous of making up for former rudeness, or how it was, I don't know; but she became so unreasonably fond of me, that if a door or window were opened, she would pop in to look for her friend, running up and down stairs, into the parlor, the drawing-room, the bed-rooms, and making no little work for the servants. At first, every body was amused at it; but, after a time, the poor hen became so troublesome that we were obliged to give her away. Jack, the dumb boy, would put his hands to his sides, and laugh till he lost his breath, to see "Mam's fat hen," as he called her, waddling after me, without minding either dogs or strangers, and he was in great trouble when she was sent away.

I can tell you one thing, which is, that it is impossible for a cruel man to be happy: it is quite and entirely *impossible*. He may laugh, and shout, and sing, and dance, and tell you that

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he is very happy; but he tells you a falsehood. There is in his heart something always whispering, "Your turn will come: the great God, the holy, just, merciful God, whose creatures you now torment, sees it all, knows it all, and he will punish you. Every one of us must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give account of the things done in the body; and you shall be forced to own all your cruelties, before angels and men: and then what follows? '*He shall have judgment without mercy who hath shown no mercy!*"

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE NEW YORK PRISON ASSOCIATION.

J——— F———, was a man of a good deal of intellect, and energy of mind. He had been sent to State Prison for horse stealing, and was the leader of mischief, wherever he chanced to be. Overcome by the persevering kindness of the officers of the prison, he at length made up his mind to reform. He changed the whole course of his conduct in prison, and on his release, came to our Agent with the strongest recommendations. He was aided to get into business, by money, which was freely advanced to him. He soon, from his earnings, returned the money so loaned him, and at the last ac-

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counts, was continuing his course of honest living.

It was worth while to see how happy he was, when he returned the money he had received from our Agent.

G——— W———, had been a sailor and a pirate, and for the three first years of his imprisonment, had gloried in his capacity to set all authority at defiance, and to endure, without yielding, any punishment which could be inflicted upon him. During that whole period, he was in a continual state of war upon his overseer. An entire change in the manner of treating him was adopted. He was reasoned with and dealt kindly by, and as complete a change came over him. For the remaining eighteen months of his confinement, he was a pattern of good order and obedience. At the end of his sentence, a place was obtained, and money advanced to assist him in his outfit. He has returned part of the advance out of his earnings, and it is believed he will continue in his efforts at obtaining an honest livelihood; because it is evident that he has at length, and for the first time in his life, learned the lesson of self-control.

The House of Correction, at Boston, has been under the government of one man since January 19th, 1833. For the twelve years that have elapsed since his appointment, and up to May, 1845, 7,686 persons have been received into the prison. During that whole time, and amid that

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large number of vicious and depraved criminals, not a blow has been struck! The cat-and-nine-tails does not hang there upon their walls, as the disgusting badge of authority;—no swords, or guns, or instruments of death are paraded there to the spectator's eye. The prison has the appearance of a large and well-ordered workshop, and is in fact one of the best governed in the nation, reflecting equal honor upon its principal, and upon the local authorities who have selected, and thus long sustained him.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

We find in Plato, a noble instance of the power of example over precept. His nephew, Pensippius, who became excessively debauched, was turned out of doors by his parents. Plato took him in and entertained him, as if he had never heard a word of his debaucheries. His friends, amazed and shocked at a procedure that seemed to them to carry insanity in it, blamed him for not laboring to reform his nephew, and save him from utter ruin. Plato answered, that he was laboring more effectually than they imagined, in letting him see the manner of his living, what an infinite difference is between virtue and vice, and between honorable and base things. This method succeeded so well, that it

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inspired Pensippius with a great respect for his uncle, and a violent desire to imitate him, and devote himself to the study of philosophy, in which, it is said, he afterwards made great progress. Evil examples are as dangerous as good ones are beneficial. For as the slightest touch will defile a clean garment, which can only be cleansed by a good deal of trouble, so the conversation of the wicked and debauched, will in a very short time defile the mind of an innocent person, in a manner that will give him great trouble to recover his former purity. You may therefore more safely venture into company with a person infected with the plague, than with a vicious person; for the worst consequences of the first is death, but of the last, the hazard of a worse destruction.—*Monthly Repository.*

In the above case, we perceive that Plato acted on the law of kindness, "overcome evil with good."

THE TRULY GREAT MAN.

Says the wise man, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

An answer soft will wrath divert,
And from its purpose turn,
While harsh and grievous words will make
The fire of anger burn.

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PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

Did you ever study the cheapness of pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, and a smile do the work. There are two or three little boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, and how smiling they look; we'll be bound to say they will not be cross for an hour. A poor widow lives in your neighborhood, who has several children; send them a few apples and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—all the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his task, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or he "has left an out," or "pied a stickfull," say "you scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry, try to do better in future," and he feels a great deal better. You have employed a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet many a familiar face. Say "good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will

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work admirably on the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure *is* cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles and sunshine, and flowers all around as, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them hermetically in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them to scatter about us; in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy—the discontented cheerful—the vicious virtuous—at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

EFFECT OF HARSH WORDS ON THEIR AUTHOR.

An elderly Christian, residing in New York, stated when he related his experience, that for about three years after his conversion, his soul was filled with the love of God, and constant and perfect peace dwelt in his heart; but one day being ill-treated by an individual, angry feelings rose in his bosom, and he gave utterance to a few harsh words, and instantly gloom, darkness and despondency weighed him down, and he thus continued for several months, bowed down like a bull-rush.

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VAN AMBURGH, THE WILD BEAST TAMER.

His great success in taming and controlling wild beasts, and leading them to form strong attachments to him, is all accomplished by mild treatment and kindness. Any person who witnesses his performances, it seems to me, can no longer doubt the correctness of the Lion Stories in the fore part of this work, which are well authenticated, and are published in several school books.

PARENTS OF WASHINGTON.

The parents of the beloved Washington, ever exercised a kind and gentle disposition. After George, in his early boyhood, had carelessly ruined a favorite English cherry tree, his father, though much grieved, uttered no harsh words; but as George frankly confessed the deed, with a cheerful countenance, and in a pleasant voice, he says, "run to my arms, my little darling, you have paid me a thousand times for the tree by telling the truth." This was also the course pursued by his excellent mother, as in the case of George being the cause of the death of a favorite colt of hers. Hence, under God, our country is indebted to the parents of Washington for such an excellent man; had they been

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fretful, peevish, and scolded him, he probably would have been a pest to society like the notorious Arnold.

CHARITIES THAT SWEETEN LIFE.

Pleasant words! Do you know, reader, how potent a spell lies in a pleasant word? Have you not often thought of its power to soothe—to charm—to delight when all things else fail? As you have passed through the journey of life, have you not seen it smoothing many a ruffled brow, and calming many an aching bosom? Have you not noticed it in the house and by the way—at the fireside and in the place of business? And have you not felt that pleasant words are among the charities that sweeten life? Ah! yes, and their influences have come over your own soul.

When you come from the counting-room or workshop, careworn and weary—when your brow has been furrowed, and your thoughts perplexed—when troubles of the present, and anxiety for the future have crowded every peaceful feeling from your heart—what has been the influence of a pleasant word at such a time? Tell us how that, ere you opened your door, the sound of glad voices reached your ear, and as you entered, how the troubles of your soul were laid at rest, and cares for the present

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and future fled, before the pleasant words of your smiling children, and the gentle greeting of your wife.

Or, when the ire of your spirit has been roused, and indignant feelings have reigned supreme in your breast—when the angry threat was just rising to your lips, or the malignant wish about to burst from your heart, what mighty spell caused the storm so suddenly to subside, and shake the turbulent waves so quietly to rest? It was the soft answer that performed the mighty deed. Go where you will, its power is the same; it hushes the raging waves of passion. Among the multitude of earth, how few speak pleasantly from principle. Earth would be a paradise indeed, if all the tones of that matchless instrument, the human voice, were in harmony with the kind thoughts of a thoroughly good heart. Oh, reader, learn this art! Speak pleasant words to all around you, and your path will ever be lighted by the smiles of those who welcome your coming, and mourn your departing footsteps. Mothers, speak kindly to the little ones who cluster around you—speak *ever* pleasantly, and be assured that answering tones of joy and dispositions formed to constant kindness shall be your reward. Sister, brother, friend—would you render life one summer day, would you gather around you those who will cheer you in the

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darkest hour? Let the law of kindness rule your tongue, and your words be pleasant.—*Sear's Ill. M.*

MUSIC.

Appropriate singing has a wonderful effect in promoting a sweet disposition, and in calming angry feelings. Three brothers who lived in the same neighborhood were all hopefully converted about the same time; and they frequently met together to sing and pray, and were remarkable for their piety, and sweet and amiable dispositions. Several months thus happily glided away: at length one of them was passing the house of another, he heard his two brothers engaged in an angry dispute—he went in and began to sing,

"How happy 'tis to see
Brethren all agree, &c."

They instantly ceased their dispute, and soon one joined in singing, and directly the other also. Their angry feelings were banished, and they had a joyful season of prayer. Ever after they lived in peace and harmony. "The mother by singing can charm her wayward children, and supplant the angry by the enchanting and subduing. When her children become fretful or ill-natured, she can sing them out of temper into

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sweetness much more easily and effectually than by scolding or chastisement. One sweet tune, when they are wrangling, will quell wrath and promote love a hundred fold more than whips. The former is irresistible, and *tames down* their rougher passions at once; the latter only re-inflames."

CONCLUSION.

"In all the instances which have been adduced, the *Law of Kindness* has won for itself most noble triumphs, proving that there is a majesty and power in it which overcomes all obstacles, and like fire upon an iron mass, softens the hard heart, and takes revenge from the soul.

"One of the most ennobling characteristics of kindness, is its universality. Like the dews of heaven, the roaming atmosphere, or the flowing light of the sun, it is fitted for all people, and will as readily warm the frozen heart of the Laplander, in his eternal ice, with love divine, as it will cool the raging passions of the fevered son of the tropics. Parents amid their children, teachers surrounded by their scholars, the governor, ruler, king and emperor, with their subjects, the overseer with his servants, the head workman with his laborers, all will find in it a power which will procure them more obedience than any force they can use—obedience more lasting

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and sincere, from the fact that it springs from affection instead of fear. The cases of Stephen and the Maid of Orleans, praying for their enraged murderers, are infinitely more ennobling than Alexander and Napoleon, amid their wealth and renown.

How different would be the aspect and prospects of the world, if it was entirely governed by the law '*Overcome evil with good.*' How beautifully the moral world would bloom with the brightest flowers of mercy, goodness and affection. The halls of litigation would be emptied, the bench of the Judge would be unvisited. Our prisons and jails, bars and lock would be useless. From the rivers to the end of the earth, the universal language of Christianity, the kindness of brotherhood would be acknowledged and practised. The sword would become a plough-share, and the spear a pruning hook, nation would hold communion with nation, and the natives of one kingdom would visit those of any other kingdom with perfect safety.

"The Gospel would then practically become 'good news of glad tidings to all people.' The whole earth would echo with songs of salvation; the isles would be glad, and the continents would rejoice, and the whole human family become one great brotherhood."

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SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE.

The favorable reception of "THE POWER OF KINDNESS" by the public, far exceeded the writer's expectation, and as there is generally an increasing interest on the subject, he has collected additional striking illustrations of its irresistible power, and they are accordingly published. We have numerous facts well authenticated, that the most debased and hardened can be reclaimed by KINDNESS, and that exceptions are very rare.

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS

CHARLES THE SECOND AND WM. PENN.

When William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take his leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred:

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble promise in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?"

"Yes, I have," replied Penn, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under

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obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William; "I depend on something better than thy soldiers."

"What is that?"

"Why, I depend upon themselves—on their own *moral sense*—even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which has appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as to all others?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have

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been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope that you, William, will not complain when they come to treat you in the same way."

"I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

"Ay! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought that thou hadst any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man! no right to their lands!"

"No, friend Charles, no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?"

"Why, the right of *discovery*; the right which the Pope and all Christian Kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of *discovery!* a strange kind of right indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy Island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set

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it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why—why," (replied Charles) "I must confess I should think it a great piece of impudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a CHRISTIAN, and a CHRISTIAN PRINCE, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages?

"Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy Island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?"

The King, assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—"Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should abhor even in heathens? No, I will not do it—but I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."

FRIEND OF PEACE.

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A KISS FOR A BLOW.

A visiter once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop," my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart; her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood the expected blow, but he could not withstand the sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the little sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued. Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women, families, communities and nations, would act on this principle, this would almost cease to be a vale of tears. Nation would not lift up sword

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against nation, neither would they learn war any more. Such a day will dawn on our world when Christ returns in glory.

THE POWER OF MATERNAL LOVE.

It is on the voice of the mother, mellowed by the tones of love, that exercises the most commanding influence of maternal love, reposes the happiness of the human family. It is the mother's call that sinks deepest into the heart of her offspring. It is the mother's hymn that charms the ear of the child by its soft melody. Every thing is in the power of the mother, through the influence of love, whose magic is irresistible to all, under every circumstance of life. The responsibility of fathers is not less, because the influence of the mother is more powerful over the destinies of their children. The stern nature of man repels—awes and stirs up rebellion. The soft and kind feelings of maternal love induce compliance, tenderness, obedience, submission—till the tears of penitence roll down the cheek, and the heart of the son melts before the fond affection of the mother's. Among the Romans, when that republic stood pure and erect in the vigor of public virtue, the education of her youth was confided chiefly to mothers. The *jewels of Cornelia* shine with undiminished lustre even

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at the present day. Piety is infinitely more powerful than knowledge in the culture of the youthful mind—for we require good citizens more than brilliant geniuses or learned philosophers. Mothers can mould the hearts—and, if the heart be good, the head will never do much to excite censure. The great prevailing error of life consists in not appreciating the power of kindness over the conduct of our fellow beings, especially that of a mother over her children.—*Ohio Washingtonian Organ.*

THE NEW PRECEPTS.

BY SOAME JENYNS.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" by which poorness of spirit, is to be understood, a disposition of mind, meek, humble, submissive to power, void of ambition, patient of injuries, and free from all resentment. This was so new, and opposite to the ideas of all pagan moralists, that they thought this temper of mind a criminal and contemptible meanness, which must induce men to sacrifice the glory of their country, and their own honor, to a shameful pusillanimity; and such it appears to almost all who are called Christians, even at this day; who not only reject it in practice, but disavow it in principle, notwithstanding this explicit

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declaration of their Master. We see them avenging the smallest affronts by premeditated murder, as individuals, on principles of honor; and in their national capacities, destroying each other with fire, and sword, for the low considerations of commercial interests, the balance of rival powers, or the ambition of princes: we see them, with their last breath, animating each other to a savage revenge; and in the agonies of death, plunging, with feeble arms, their daggers into the hearts of their opponents: and, what is still worse, we hear all these barbarisms celebrated by historians, flattered by poets, applauded in theatres, approved in senates, and even sanctified in pulpits! But universal practice cannot alter the nature of things, nor universal error change the nature of truth. Pride was not made for man; but humility, meekness, and resignation—that is, poorness of spirit. The forgiveness of injuries was a lesson so new, and so utterly unknown, till taught by the doctrines of Christ and enforced by his example, that the wisest moralists of the wisest nations and ages, represented the desire of revenge as a mark of a noble mind, and the accomplishment of it as one of the chief felicities attendant on a fortunate man. But how much more magnanimous, how much more beneficial to mankind, is forgiveness! It is more magnanimous, because every generous and exalted disposition of the

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human mind is requisite to practice it. For these alone can enable us to bear the wrongs and insults of wickedness and folly with patience, and to look down on the perpetrators of them with pity, rather than indignation; these alone can teach us, that such are but a part of those sufferings allotted to us in this state of probation; and to know, that to "overcome evil with good," is the most glorious of all victories. It is the most beneficial, because this amiable conduct alone can put an end to a continual succession of injuries and retaliations; for every retaliation becomes a new injury, and requires another act of revenge for satisfaction. Charity, (1 Cor. chap. 13,) is here accurately delineated, that bright constellation of all virtues; which consists not, as many imagine, in the building of monasteries, endowment of hospitals, or the distribution of alms; but in such an amiable disposition of mind, as excites itself every hour in acts of kindness, patience, complaisance, and benevolence to all around us; and which alone is able to promote happiness in the present life, or render us capable of receiving it in another.

KIND WORDS.

They do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them; and they never blister the

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tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering. And we never have heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not *cost* much, yet they *accomplish* much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind, without thereby pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. The angry words of a man in a passion, are fuel to the flame of his wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why then should not words of the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most blessed of all passions of the soul, KINDNESS, be augmented by kind words? People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disinclining themselves to ill-temper.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people—hot, scorching, sarcastic words, irritate—and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They sooth, quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. And he has to become kind himself.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to

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give kind words a chance among them. There are vain, idle, hasty, spiteful, silly, and empty words. Let us now have kind words.—*New York Evangelist.*

The destiny, temporal and eternal, of individuals, often turns upon a single word spoken in kindness or unkindness, at particular crises of their existence. The celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke, was, till about nine years of age, the perfection of dulness in the estimation of his teachers. As such, when at this age, he was pointed out by his teacher to a stranger of respectability, who visited the school. The stranger, with great interest and affection, replied, that he thought the teacher had mistaken the genius of the boy; that he had talents, and might yet attain to eminence in the literary world. That kind word struck a spark in the mind of the child, which made the future man one of the lights of earth. On the other hand, an unkind or discouraging word spoken just at such a crisis, may effectually break the spirits, or turn the heart into bitterness, and render the object ever after the companion of the foul spirits of earth and hell. With what feelings do we all remember words of kindness or unkindness spoken to us at those periods of our existence, when our hearts were made of tenderness, and spoken by those

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whose words were as life and death, to our spirits.

> "Then deem it not an idle thing
> A pleasant word to speak;
> The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
> A heart may heal or break."

Lewis Colby, of New York, has published a little work, termed "The London Apprentice;" from which we extract the following:

"The young man had fallen into bad company, and had committed a crime for which he was sent to prison. While there he became in a measure penitent; and as soon as he was liberated, he went home. The account he gives of meeting his father's family, is a very affecting one: 'It was night when we arrived,' he says; 'my mother-in-law fell on my neck, and kissed me; and my father uttered some affecting expressions of welcome to his house once more. *This kindness* was too much for me, and I could neither look at them, nor speak to them that night. A thousand times did I reproach myself for having wounded such minds, and a thousand times did I resolve to seek to deserve their affection in future. Their tenderness towards me was exceedingly judicious. Had they treated me harshly, or upbraided me with my conduct, I should assuredly have left them, and perhaps have become an abandoned wretch; but they

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scarcely ever mentioned the past to me, and I tried to become worthy of the *kindness* with which they treated me.'" And the narrative shows that he fulfilled his noble resolve, and ever after lived an exemplary man and a christian.

ALEXANDER GLEN.

That gentleman, during the French war, had treated some French and Indian prisoners with great kindness, and took much pains to render them comfortable. And when the French and Indians came to attack Schenectady, the commander of the expedition gave strict orders not to molest Mr. Glen's family or property, which was faithfully observed.

FRAILTY.

All men have their frailties. "As I grow older," said Gœthe, "I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces, I always suspect. He knows too much of crime to denounce a fellow-creature unheard; a knowledge which can only be obtained by criminality itself. The hypocrite always strives to divert attention from his own wickedness, by denouncing, unspa-

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ringly, that of others. He thinks he shall seem "good, in exact ratio as he makes others seem bad."

RETRIBUTION.

"*Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.*"—Rom. xii. 19.

Mr. Edwards, in referring to the persecutions now endured by the Free Church, said, that all the landed proprietors in the neighborhood from which he came, were, at the commencement of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, violent persecutors, except one. Now, he would only mention the fact, without attempting to explain it, that the names of all those men who persecuted the Welsh Methodists had utterly perished from the face of the earth, and that the whole of their property had passed into the hands of the one who was favorable to them.

(Report of the Free Church of Scotland.)

Great Britain took from us, before the late war, near 1000 vessels; and during the war, we took from her 1400. Before the war, she seized and made slaves of 6000 of our citizens; and we, in the war, killed more than 6000 of her subjects, and caused her to expend such a sum as amounted to 4 or 5000 guineas a head for every slave she made. She might have

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purchased the vessels she took for less than the value of those she lost, and have used the 6000 of her men killed, for the purpose to which she applied ours—have saved the 4 or 5000 guineas a head—and obtained a character for justice, which is as valuable to a nation as to an individual. These considerations ought to leave her without inducement to plunder property, and take men in future on such dear terms.—*Jefferson.*

A REAL CONVERSATION.

"Sir," said a poor, ragged, and rough-looking man, upon whose countenance traces of sorrow and extreme suffering were visible, to an individual whose sleek and seemly *ensemble* betokened plenty and happiness,—"Sir, I am famishing. Will you give me the means of procuring food and a night's lodging?"

"Go along, my man, I have nothing for you. You can go to the alms-house, I suppose. I will give you a line to the alderman."

"Sir," says the poor man, "I'd rather not go to the alms'-house. I only desire a temporary relief. I expect work in a day or two."

"O, well, scratch along, my man; you are not so badly off as one would imagine."

"I am absolutely starving; I am sure you won't miss a quarter of a dollar."

"Bless my soul, do you think I gather mo-

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ney from the trees? Go along—don't be pertinacious now. Do take yourself off, there's a brave man."

"You owe me money, sir: I would not remind you of the fact, only that hunger makes me desperate."

"Owe you money!" exclaimed the sleek man, stepping back a spade or two; "you are mad!"

"No—seven years ago I worked for you. You failed."

"O, ah!—an old score! O, that's quite another matter. Did it ever strike you that I have taken the benefit of the Act—gone clear through? Creditors are no more now. Can't touch me!"

"You reaped the benefit of that labor—are rich—while I am the poor wretch you see. You owe me that money, sir, in spite of all bankruptcies."

"I never do any thing illegal. What is legal, is honorable. The law says I don't owe you a cent."

"*Honor* says you do; and of the two, honor generally tells more truths than law," says the mendicant, evidently displeased.

"You are getting wearisome. Will you be kind enough to step out of the way?"

"You call yourself a Christian?"

"I am a Christian, I flatter myself—a deacon."

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"You are esteemed a pious, honest, trustworthy Christian?"

"I am as good a one as can be found in the religious community."

"Then the dominion of the evil one can boast of purity when compared with such communities, and the society of thieves is cemented by more real honor. Your respectability, honor, piety, and justice, are composed of broadcloths and fine words, and go no farther. Keep your money! I'd starve before I'd touch a copper of it!"

Some years ago, the above conversation actually took place in Broadway, near the American Museum. A short time ago, the mendicant—now a stove-dealer in business—employed his oppressor (reduced to want) as a porter—and, after deducting the amount of the dishonored bill from his wages, when he had earned the amount of the bill, generously presented it to the fallen Pharisee. This is an absolute fact. Every day of life teems with such remarkable transactions and singular reverses. Retributive justice, sooner or later, overtakes the evil-doer—and the ingenuity of man knows not how to avert the merited and never-failing punishment.—*New York Sun.*

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"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "Whoso taketh the sword, shall perish with the sword." "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—BIBLE.

As we glance at the history of nations, we find the foregoing prophecies fulfilled in a striking manner, without exception. The haughty Assyrian and Babylonian kingdoms filled the earth with slaughter and blood; so did Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome; and each perished by the sword—and "*Fuit*" is the only epitaph engraved on their tomb-stones. The measure that they meted to others, was meted to them again. Papal Rome, for a long series of years, led the saints to captivity and death; but at length was herself led into captivity, and her civil power prostrated by the sword.—Rev. xiii. 10. Spain was once the most powerful nation of Europe, and was the most bloody and oppressive—the cradle of the Inquisition: now she is the most feeble, and has merely a nominal national existence; her own measure to others has fearfully fallen on her own head. It is also frequently true of individuals. A striking case is recorded in Judges, i. 6, 7. "Adoni-bezek fled, and Judah pursued after him, and caught him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes. And Adoni-bezek said, Seventy kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered *their meat* under my table: as I have done, so

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God hath requited me." Haman was hung on the gallows that he had erected for Mordecai. Those who plotted the prophet Daniel's destruction by lions, were themselves destroyed by the same lions.

The Egyptians drowned all the male children of the Israelites; and they were plagued by the Almighty in the death of all their first-born, and were themselves drowned in the Dead Sea.

Antiochus-Epiphanes was a most bloody monster. He was smitten of God, eaten by worms, and died in dreadful agony.

The Jews crucified Jesus, and persecuted his followers. In a few years their city, temple, and nation were ruined.

Maximinus put out the eyes of many thousands of Christians. Soon after the commission of his cruelties, a disease arose among his own people, which greatly affected their eyes, and took away their sight. He himself died miserably; and upon the attack, his eyes started out of his head, through the violence of his distemper, A. D. 313. All his family were destroyed by violence.

Cyril, a deacon, was murdered by some Pagans, at Heliopolis, for his opposition to their images. They ripped open his belly, and ate his liver. Soon after, their teeth came out, their tongues rotted, and they lost their sight.

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Philip II. of Spain, one of the greatest persecutors of the church in these latter times, and the inventor of the inquisition, was at last smitten in his body with a strange disease, which his physicians could neither understand nor cure. His body was overspread with grievous boils, whence issued putrid matter, and vermin in great abundance, so that his attendants could scarcely endure the stench. He who had invented the most hellish tortures for others, was himself tormented for years with inexpressible pain and anguish. This was becoming the inventor of the inquisition to have such an end.

Those most active during the French revolution in decapitating men, women and children, with the guillotine, were themselves beheaded by the same manner.

All the leaders of the mob that murdered Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, have died by the hands of violence.

The Jews put Christ to death to save their place and nation, (as they said,) from being taken away by the Romans; but this base act was the very cause of the Romans taking away their place and nation.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, in their general conferences refused to use their influence to abolish or even to allow slavery to be a moral evil; for fear that the Southern church would separate from

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the church North; but the very thing they dreaded has occurred.

Mexico was once drenched in the blood of its innocent natives by the blood thirsty Spaniards, and now the vials of divine wrath are being poured on their descendants, and the soil is reddened by their own blood.

Our own country is very guilty in its cruel treatment of the aborigines, and in holding over two millions of poor Africans in slavery, and unless there is a general and heart-felt repentance, the accumulating storm of divine wrath will soon burst upon our nation in all its fury.

In the great day of Judgment, every individual will receive the same measure as he has meted to others. "With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward." Under the third, of the seven last plagues, we read, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, who art, and wast, and shall be, because thou hast judged thus. For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy, or deserve it." "Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double." Christ forcibly illustrates this subject in the case of his forgiving a servant who owed him ten

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thousand talents, which he forgave, and then this ungrateful servant seizes a fellow servant, and casts him into prison, because he could not pay one hundred pence. He thus addresses him;—"Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me. Oughtest not thou to have shewn pity to thy fellow servant, as I shewed to thee? So his master being angry, delivered him to the jailors, to remain in their hands until he should pay the debt. Thus will my Heavenly Father do to every one of you who forgiveth not from his heart the trespasses of his brother."—Matt. 18: 23—35. "Inasmuch as ye have done this to any of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Come ye blessed of my Father!" And to the condemned: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to these, ye did it not to me. Depart ye cursed."—Matt. 25: 34—46. Thus the poor, afflicted, down-trodden, suffering, and despised outcasts of society are Christ's representatives upon earth, and our treatment to them will be meted out to us again. Christ has directed us, when we make a feast not to invite the rich; but the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and has assured us that our recompense shall be at the resurrection of the just.—Luke, 14: 12—14. Will those in our cities and villages who believe Christ's words, occasionly cheer the hearts of the poor by collecting

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them together, and practically show that you have feelings and sympathies for them, and let them share with you your comforts; and Jesus will reward you at the glorious resurrection.

Reader, as you stand at the judgment seat of Christ, your treatment of your fellow beings will be exactly meted out to yourself, and your mouth will be shut if condemned. If you show no mercy, none will be shown to you; if you forgive not, you will not be forgiven; thus says the blessed Jesus. "For with what measure you mete, it shall be meted to you again." You that scorn a fellow creature because he is poor and unfortunate—you that oppress your fellow beings—and you that persecute or slander your fellow beings—and you that leave the poor to suffer when in your power to alleviate them, are picking a stick for your own back; for the same measure that you mete it will be measured to you again.

A FABLE.

We intimated last week that we should again refer to the lecture delivered last week before the Institute, by Theodore Parker. We now propose to give a fable which Mr. Parker used to illustrate, one part of his lecture. It is needless to add, by way of explana-

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tion, anything further than that he was speaking of the present religious commotions and controversies of all civilized countries—the cutting up into sects, parties, and cliques; and endeavoring to illustrate the *absurdity* of the whole thing. If he did not hit the nail on the head, we are no judge. But now for the fable:

"The distant, but extensive island of *Neekoo*, was inhabited by a large civilized population, divided into two classes, the people and the priests. The priests for many generations had taught the people that everlasting life and death depended entirely on the following ceremonies, viz: each one must go to the temple, kneel down before the priest, who would proceed solemnly to tie a red silk string around the last joint of the little finger of the left hand, at the same time saying over words that meant *nothing;* the subject must then arise, and openly avow his belief that all squares are circles; and all circles are squares. So long as he rigidly maintained this belief as to the circles, and the efficacy of the red string, he was safe; if his reason or conscience chided him for such absurdity, he was told by the priests to have faith—his doubts were nothing but rank heresy. At length, some one bolder than the others, dared to raise the question why a *white* silk string might not be just as efficacious as a red one; and why tied around any other

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joint might not do as well as the little one of the left hand. Others differed as to the length of the string to be used—some believing in using just enough to reach around the finger, and no more—others wanted a yard or two for knots and bows, so that they could 'cut a dash' at the corners of the streets, where they might be seen of men. Some began, in process of time, to doubt that ALL circles were squares—but a part only; and these 'by faith, and not sight.'

"In consequence of these things, the inhabitants of the island became divided into sects, denominations, parties, cliques, and clans—each waging war upon the other, and each declaring eternal salvation depended solely upon his own construction of the extent and efficacy of the red string, and squareness of the circle. The Neekoo islanders, therefore, spent most of their time and talents in calumniating and fighting their neighbors on these points, to the great and almost total neglect of every useful employment and good work."—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"How beautiful, how sublime the precept, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' But who would

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willingly be thus adjudged? Who is there that does not hope for more mercy at the hand of his Maker, than he has shown to his fellow men? And yet how positive is the sentence that 'if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.'"

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

I am almost convinced, that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? And a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid

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him; friends would not approach him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with frowns; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.—*Prisoners' Friend.*

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—A spirit of fault-finding; an unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; little inequalities in the look, the temper, or the manner; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife cannot tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life anything but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness and forbearance, that the happiness and usefulness of life consists, far more than brilliant eloquence, in splendid, or illustrious deeds that shall send the name to future times.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently; the little rivulet which glides through the meadow, and which runs along day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder—and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from his hollow hand.' But one Niagara is enough for the continent

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or a world; while that same world needs thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on, every day and every night with their gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great suffering only, like those of the martyrs—that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this all may be useful.

EFFECTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Recently, a poor despised drunkard, in the western part of the State of New York was chosen justice of the peace, for the fun of it; he immediately became a sober and industrious man, dressed himself decently, and discharged the duties of his office in a creditable manner.

In a few months after the settlement of Leonard Bacon, over one of the churches in New Haven, Ct., the officers of the church held a meeting to consult what course they should take with their pastor, as he did not meet their expectations; one of the deacons

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proposed to try the experiment of encouraging him, and showing him increased kindness; it was done, and ever after he has met their expectations.

THE PIRATE AND DOVE.

Mrs. Child states, in one of her letters from New York, that when hearing the sweet, gentle tones of doves, "I remembered the story of the pirate, hardened in blood and crime, who listened to the notes of a turtle dove in the stillness of night. Perhaps he never before heard the soothing tones of love. They spoke to his inmost soul, like the voice of an angel; and awakened such repose there, that he thenceforth became a holy man."

KNOW THYSELF.

A person who is acquainted with human nature, knows himself, and is never harsh and severe upon those who have departed from the strict line of rectitude. When you hear a man denounce another, you know at once that he has no just knowledge of himself, and in times of strong temptations he will be the first to swerve from duty. A person who knows his own frailties, is kind and forbearing to those who err. "Know thyself," is an excel-

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lent maxim. It would be well for thousands to understand it practically, who are now so ready to cry out with indignation, and chase to the tomb one who has thoughtlessly sinned. A true Christian will never pursue such a course, neither will he who understands human nature, and understands his own frailties.—*Portland Bulletin.*

THE SHAKERS AND SAVAGES.

About the year 1812, Indiana was the scene of Indian hostilities; but the Shakers, though without forts or arms, lived in perfect safety while the work of blood and fire was going on all around them. "Why," said the whites afterwards to one of the Indian chiefs, "why did you not attack the Shakers, as well as others?" "What!' exclaimed the savage, "we warriors attack a peaceable people! We fight those who won't fight us! Never; it would be a disgrace to hurt *such* a people."

TRUE BRAVERY.

Be valiant against the corruptions of the world; but fear to do an evil: he that fears not to do an evil, is always afraid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: he that fears always; is a coward. He is a true

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valiant man that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought. Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself, that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

Arthur was heir to the throne of England; his wicked uncle shut him up in the Tower, and appointed a bad man named Hubert to be keeper of this Tower, and ordered him to murder the young prince so that he could be king himself. Hubert hired two ruffians to burn out his eyes with hot irons. When Arthur learned their design, he burst into tears, and fell on his knees to Hubert, and kissed his hands and feet, and wept so bitterly, and prayed so earnestly, that Hubert's heart was moved with pity. The little innocent begged and entreated, that if his eyes must be put out, it should be done by the hands of Hubert himself, who sent the ruffians away and prepared to do the horrid deed himself.

But no sooner were they alone, than Arthur threw himself into Hubert's arms, and kissed him, and used so many entreaties and prayers that Hubert began to weep. And Arthur told Hubert how much he had loved him,

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how he had watched over him when he was ill, for Hubert had been sick a short time before; he reminded Hubert of the horrid pain he had suffered when a little piece of straw only had accidentally got into his eye, and he prayed Hubert not to put him to the dreadful torture of having his eyes burned out. In short, his entreaties, tears and kisses, had so much effect on Hubert that he threw away the irons, and taking the little prince in his arms, swore he would never do him any harm, and that he would die himself rather than suffer any one to injure him. Here we have another striking case of the power of kindness to soften and melt the hard heart of an hardened man.

THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.

Nothing can be more injudicious, than the folly and impropriety of making the habits of your children the subject of conversation with other people. If you wish your children to reform and improve, you must throw a shield round their conduct. However foolishly they may have acted, let them see that you are anxious to keep open the way for their return to propriety and respectability. Many a youth has been driven to a reckless despair, by being upbraided before strangers with misconduct which ought never to have been known

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beyond his own family. On the other hand, many a wanderer has been encouraged to return, by observing in those most injured by his follies, a general readiness to reinstate him in their favor, and to shield his reputation from the reproach of others. It is not wise for a mother either to boast of the excellence, or to publish the faults of her children, but rather to ponder them in her heart, to mention them only at the throne of grace, there to confirm what is right, and correct what is wrong.—*Phil. S. Courier.*

SLANDER WITHOUT WORDS.

There may be calumny in an expression of the countenance; in a hint or inuendo; in an altered course of conduct; in not doing what you have been wont to do; staying from a neighbor's house, or withholding some accustomed civility. You may both give pain to the heart of your brother, and awaken strong prejudices against him, by a lofty air, a nod of the head, a turning out of the way, a glance of the eye, a shrug, a smile, or a frown.—*Ib.*

SELFISHNESS.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem—upon the rain-drop that

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refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chambers—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all his works, he has written, "None of us lives to himself." We admire and praise that flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure; and the tree that bears fruits the most rich and abundant. The star that is most useful in the heavens, is the star that we admire the most. Now is it not reasonable, that *man*, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any other being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not to himself, but for others?—*J. C. Neal.*

Would to God that the foregoing graphic and truthful sentiments might sink deep into every reader's heart, and produce accordant actions! Selfishness is the great fountain of meanness, violence, and of every crime and sin. It degrades man below the brutes, and makes him a fiend. With it, he is allied to devils; without it, to angels.

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"Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm,
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Too dear he holds his int'rest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe:
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace."

Could angels be permitted, with joy would they speed their flight to earth on a mission of mercy to the poor and afflicted; but it is not allowed them; it is your work, reader—will you do it, or will you prove recreant to your high trust, and a traitor to your Maker?

THE DOOM OF OPPRESSORS.

"This is the portion of a wicked man with God and the heritage of oppressors, which they shall receive of the Almighty: if his children be multiplied, it is for the sword; and his offspring shall not be satisfied with bread." Job 27: 13, 14. "He shall break in pieces the oppressor." Ps. 72: 4. "If he hath oppressed the poor and needy, hath spoiled by violence, hath not restored the pledge, hath given forth upon usury, and hath taken increase: shall he then live? He shall not live; he shall surely

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die." Ezek. 18: 10. "For he shall have judgment without mercy who hath showed no mercy." James 2: 13.

A SHORT SERMON.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—PROV. 12 10.

"He too, is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight performing horse:
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives, and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent?—None
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts,
(As if barbarity were high desert,)
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honors of his matchless horse his own!
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in heav'n, and there, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd—
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.—*Cowper's Task.*

If a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, it may be well to inquire when a man does not, and when he does regard the life, health, happiness of his beast or horse?

1. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he drives him faster than a walk in going up a hill.

2. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he drives him faster than a walk

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in going down hill—it being more difficult for a horse to descend than to ascend a hill.

3. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he leaves him to stand in the cold without a covering upon him.

4. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he drives him eight or ten miles, without stopping to rest.

5. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he leaves him to stand in the cold without fodder, while he is *stabled* in the bar-room, talking party politics and drinking grog.

6. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he whips him to gratify his passions, or to pass away his time.

7. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he does not let him rest on the first day of the week.

8. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he drives him furiously, to make up for lost time spent in the bar-room.

9. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he engages in a horse-race.

10. A man does not regard the life of his beast, when he sells him to one whom he knows will misuse him.

11. A man *does* regard the life of his beast, when he does by his beast, in his sphere of action, as he would wish to be done by in his.

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IMPROVEMENT.

1. There are but few righteous men in these parts.

2. The manner in which beasts are treated, exemplifies the state of public morals.

3. Men who drive their horses furiously, proclaim to all observers their own unrighteousness and depravity.

4. A minister of the gospel, or professor of christianity, should be careful how they drive their horses.

5. The owners of livery stables ought to read and prize the Bible, as it thus guards their property from abuse.

6. The owners of livery stables have no right to let their horses to unrighteous men.

7. All righteous men, as well as the horses of unrighteous men, have great reason to rejoice in the multiplication of rail roads and Morse's Magnetic Telegraph.

8. If horses could speak, they would often complain. Num. 22 : 30.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

The child that delights in torturing insects and animals, and in robbing birds' nests, is preparing for a tyrant, robber or murderer, and to become a pest to society.

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The man, woman, or child, that inflicts needless pain on dumb animals, is a monster!

The Arab treats his horse as his children, and never strikes him a blow, and always treats him with kindness and tenderness. The result is, the Arabian horses are the fleetest, kindest, and best in the world; an ugly or vicious horse is unknown among them. Who then is the barbarian, the wild Arab, who thus tenderly treats the dumb beasts under his care, or the boasting man in civilized lands, that works his horse beyond his strength, and cruelly beats him? "Oh shame, where is thy blush!" Thousands of these noble animals are daily goaded under heavy burdens, and beaten, and cruelly lashed, by beings in human form calling themselves civilized and enlightened men and christians! Let an angel, for the first time, witness this cruelty, and doubtless he would think those cruel beings are fiends from hell!

THE KIND MOTHER'S TEARS.

Mrs. Mason once caught her two children quarrelling. "Oh," said she, "my dear children, has it come to this?" and she burst into tears, and wept for some time.

The children stopped quarrelling in a moment, when they saw their mother weeping. This was the first time they had ever seen

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their mother shed tears, and they felt that she was weeping on account of their bad conduct. They felt as if an arrow had pierced their hearts; and they ran to their mother, and threw their arms around her neck, and said, "Dear mother, don't cry; we will never do so again."

The mother embraced them tenderly, and said, "My dearest children, I forgive you. I love you more than I can tell. You know I love you fondly. But I would rather see you both lying cold and pale in the coffin, than to have you grow up with this spirit of anger and ill-will toward each other." That quarrel was their last one. Whenever that quarrelsome spirit was rising in their breasts, they remembered their mother's tears, and that checked them instantly.

THE MESSENGER OF MERCY.

Says a minister: "I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling, where I heard a very bad man using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed by sickness; it was fearful to see and hear him; and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little girl, about eleven years of age, and who was dying of a consumption, went up to the angry man, and laid

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her small, emaciated, and thin hand upon his arm, and looked in his face, and said, 'Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say; pray don't speak so, father.' She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, 'I will do any thing that child tells me to do, for she is an angel.' His fierce nature was subdued."

MONUMENT OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

In Medfield, Massachusetts, stands an old unique house, the only one that was spared in the last Indian war; all the others were burned by the Indians, and as they were approaching this, an old lady, with a smile on her countenance, meets their chief on the steps, and presents him a large earthen vessel filled with cider. He quickly turned to his followers, and said, "We no burn dis house." And it remains to this day a monument of the power of kindness.

THOUGHTS FROM BENGEL.

We are approaching a time of spiritual, specious, and most extensive seduction; which will be followed up by extraordinary violence.

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The only true preparation against that seduction is, wisdom from above; and against that violence, to be patient and faithful unto death. Any retaliation that Christians may be provoked to make upon the enemies of the truth, will most certainly recoil upon themselves. Have nothing to do in secret with any unrighteous cause, and in public stand up for the honor of God, and you will be immoveable. All I am and have, both in principle and practice, is to be summed up in this one expression—*the Lord's property*. My belonging totally to Christ, as my Savior, is all my salvation and all my desire. I have no other glory than this, and want no other. Man's judgment must be a very small thing in the eyes of God, or he would not suffer persons, who really love him, to be assailed with so many revilings and reproaches.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Small acts of kindness—how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path of life cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs

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the giver nothing, but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation, and throws around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost in paradise.

One heedless word may sever hearts for ever. It is useless to say, "It was spoken in sport." A spark of fire, unintentionally thrown upon powder, will ignite it as soon as one thrown intentionally. Our motto should be—*Kind feelings, kind words, and kind acts.*

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

I have always been a believer in the great power of kindness. Particularly was I struck the other day in an affair that came off in connection with my school.

Two boys, while returning from school one night, indulged in very harsh language towards each other. Their passions were so excited, that one (the elder) actually drew a knife, and threatened the life of the other.

The news reached me before bed-time on the same night, and I was excessively agitated. I knew that it would be my duty to do something on the next morning. After various courses had been pondered, I concluded to try *the power of kindness.* I made the fire very early the next morning, and had been in the school-room but a few moments when the

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elder of the two boys came in. I asked him to sit, and had a very kind talk with him, and soon the tears began to flow from his eyes, and he owned that he had done wrong. Just then, other scholars came in, and I said no more, willing that he should know, guilty as I thought him, that I had respect for his feelings. About the middle of the forenoon, both of the boys who had been at variance asked to go out. I granted their request. Pretty soon they came back with smiling faces, exclaiming, "We have made it all up! *We aint a going to quarrel any more!*" And sure enough they did never quarrel more while I knew them! D. V. B.

TRUE MAXIMS.

Such is the goodness and excellence of the Divine character, that a clear and enlightened view thereof, is sufficient to render any human being perfectly happy.

Love and peace are special messengers from heaven; hatred and war are emissaries from hell. Every law which God has written upon the hearts of men, or in his word, is holy, just, and good. It is a ray, a radiation of love, the god-head of his attributes, and wherever it is obeyed, there is peace—perfect peace. "Great peace have they that love thy law."

Love is the sun, in which all the tributaries

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of God's character meet and find their source. The light of that sun is PEACE, the reflection of his being.

War oppresses the industrious poor, to settle the disputes of the luxurious rich.

A wise man knows his own ignorance—a fool thinks he knows every thing.

How sweet is that happiness which, through Divine grace, your own hand has (mediately) created in another; and how does this fragrance intensify itself, while your grateful heart ascribes that happiness, and the power of producing it, to the Only Fountain of good.

It is much to be lamented that a bad temper should be estimated, even by religious characters, rather as an infirmity than as a fault; for, is it not obvious, that such persons are to be classed with those who are "angry with their brother without a cause?" But a man of irascible temper always assumes sufficient cause for his anger; while he assumes at the same time, that there is no cause for the opposition of those who are at issue with him, but how different is the view of an impartial bystander!

No spiritual man performs a harsh action on the ground of legal right; the main question with him is, how any act will be estimated in the land of spirits, according to the Divine standard of legality there extant.

The dark night of temptation seems to re-

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veal stars in our mental firmament, of the existence of which we should otherwise have had no knowledge.

The character of a gentleman—and there is no good reason why this designation should be confined to any particular occupation or external condition—cannot be separated from that of the christian, without the destruction of the latter. A gentleman may exist who is no christian; but a christian cannot exist who is no gentleman. A gentleman never wounds the feelings of another wantonly, *because* it is ungentlemanly to do so; and a christian never does so, *because* it is contrary to christian charity and duty.

There are two kinds of self-teaching which resist legitimate instruction, namely, the skeptical and the superstitious. Both are equally grounded in the self-will of man; but while the former is the wolf in his own skin, the latter is the wolf in the sheep-skin. An unteachable disposition is the attribute of both.

The interpretation of the Word is fundamental to the whole theory and practice of religion; but the spirit of the interpreter is fundamental to the interpretation itself. *Every thing depends upon his eye being single*—upon the spirit and attention of his mind being pure and right. If the mental eye be evil, the very light of the sacred page will become to it as darkness.

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By the necessities of life, and the complexities of human connections, all are united in *secret* Providential bands; these are cemented and blessed as far as good affections preside; and are disturbed and sundered by the activity of the selfish passions.

The Golden Rule, while its excellence is admitted, is often nullified by the want of fairness in applying it. Thus the rule of duty *from others* shines forth like the sun,—the clearest and most certain thing possible;—while the glimmering point, now here, now there, in one's self, is for the most part invisible, except when self-interest aids the discovery by means of its politic lens.

He who retorts angry expressions, instead of letting them fall harmless, is like one who throws back a missile which has been hurled at him, only to have it hurled again with a surer aim and deadlier force. How much better to let it lie untouched at his feet.

TYRANNIES.

Of all the tyrannies which cause crimes, the worst is the tyranny of a *desire*. This is the cause of what is properly called crime. It is the demoniac aspect of man. Preferring ourselves to others is the essence of all vice and crime. "If I have in thought ever preferred

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myself to another unduly, I have committed a fault, identical in principle with the crimes of theft and murder." This will be the reflection of every one who tries himself by a profound standard of morals. Preference of ourselves makes love, lust; aquisition, greed; anger, malignity. Crime is essentially selfish! The violation of the law is not necessarily crime, and may be virtue and nobility. All martyrs for truth have been criminals in the eyes of the law which they have broke. Yet the true criminals were not the martyrs, but the legislators and the administrators of bad laws. What the law calls crimes, are crimes only when the law is right. *There is no crime where there is no selfishness.* It is the selfishness which there is in a deed which gives it guilt and shame; and neither the condemnation, the illegality, nor the punishment.—*Eclectic Review.*

WAR.

"Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations as between neighbor citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang, as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."—*Franklin.*

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A LESSON FOR REFORMERS.

Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust;—mighty is it, even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country; and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a nasal psalmody, sang in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. "But this, too, I feared to do," said he, "lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture, with the best fortitude I could assume, when lo! I distinguished amid the din, the soft clear voice of a woman singing in a perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang, in full rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have often thought of this story, as conveying an instructive lesson to reformers. The

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spirit that *can* thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest, as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice, amid the braying multitudes; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be *forced* into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment: the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult.

Strong, and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end—singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loved acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and the bravest task which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But *once* has it been done perfectly, unto the end; and that Voice,—so clear in its meekness,—is heard above all the din of a tumultuous world: one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness; and through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.—*Mrs. Child.*

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A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying; "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see what a wonder of joy he might express. The poor man had soon fin-

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ished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat he slipped one foot into one of the shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around and looked again and again, then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money into his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood—'it is better to give than to receive.' We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good."—*Selected.*

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NOBLE REVENGE.

When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighborhood, by the name of 'Jim Dick.'—Myself and a number of my play fellows, were one evening collected together at our usual sports, and began tormenting the poor colored boy, by calling him 'blackamoor,' 'nigger,' and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared to be exceedingly grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment, I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing a pair of Jim Dick. I went to him and asked him for them. "O yes, John, you may have them and welcome," was the answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligation to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, "John, don't never call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. These words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future.—*Southey.*

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THE LAWS OF WILLIAM PENN.

In 1683, Penn and his associates ordained the following regulations, which bear the impress of the proprietor's singular genius, and benevolent disposition, and shows that he was two hundred years in advance of the age.

It was ordained, that, to prevent law-suits, three arbitrators, to be called peace-makers, should be chosen by the county courts, to hear and determine small differences between man and man. That children should be taught some useful trade, to the end that none might be idle; that the poor might work to live, and the rich if they should become poor. That factors, wronging their employers, should make satisfaction and one third over. That every thing which excites the people to rudeness, cruelty, and irreligion, should be discouraged and severely punished. That no one, acknowledging one God, and living peaceably in society, should be molested for his opinions or his practice, or compelled to frequent or maintain any ministry whatever. Says Hob, in his history of Pennsylvania; "These judicious regulations attracted numerous emigrants; and to their salutary influence must be attributed the qualities of diligence, order, and economy for which the Pennsylvanians are so justly celebrated. Within four years from the date of the grant to Penn, the prov-

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ince contained twenty settlements, and Philadelphia two thousand inhabitants."

MRS. FRY'S FIRST VISIT TO NEWGATE.

She applied for leave to the governor to visit the female prisoners. He attempted to dissuade her. "You will be disgusted with their behaviour and language," said he; "I am almost afraid myself to enter their apartment, they are so vile."

"I am fully aware of the danger," meekly replied Mrs. F.—"I do not go in my own strength; God will protect me."

"But, madam, if you are determined on entering this den of iniquity, pray leave your purse and watch behind," said the Governor.

"I thank thee; I am not afraid; I do not think I shall lose anything," she replied.*

She addressed them in the most gentle accents. "You seem unhappy," said she; "you are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?"

"Certainly," said one, "we need clothes." "But nobody cares for us, and where can we find a friend?" said another.

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* Says Howard, "I never received an insult from either jailor or prisoner, nor lost one article."

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"I am come to serve you, if you will allow me," said Mrs. F. She then went on to express her sympathy for them, and offer them hope that they might improve their condition. She did not say a word about the crimes they had committed, nor reproach them. She came to comfort, and not to condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged around her. "You are leaving us," said they, "and will you never come again?"

"Yes, I will come again, if ye desire it." she replied.

"We do, we do!" was echoed round the aparment.

She read to them the Bible; the parables, &c. Some asked who Christ was. Others said he did not come for them; others, it was too late for them. She passed the whole day with them, softening by her words of peace, the most turbulent and perverse tempers.

The reform was most astonishing; and, thanks to her perseverance and the years she has devoted to this pious undertaking, a total change had been effected in the female department of this prison. The influence of virtue has prevailed, and many wretched beings have found Newgate an asylum of repentance.

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THE ROBBER DISARMED BY CONFIDENCE.

During a civil war in the reign of Henry VI. of England, "Margaret," the Queen, "with her son fled into a forest, where she was descried by a band of robbers, who stripped her of her jewels and treated her person with great indignity.

Fortunately she escaped, while her plunderers were quarrelling about their booty; and penetrating into the forest, she wandered about till she was exhausted with fatigue and terror. At length, seeing a man approach with a drawn sword, she summoned resolution enough to go out to meet him, saying, 'Here, friend, I commit to you the son of your King, for that protection which I am unable to afford him.' The man, though a robber, was disarmed of every ill intention by the confidence which was reposed in him, and devoted himself to their service. After concealing them for some time in the woods, and providing for their support, he conducted them in safety to the sea-coast, whence they took an opportunity of escaping to Flanders."—*Cyclopedia, Art. Margaret of Anjou.*

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.

Says O'Connell; "Remember, no political change is worth a single crime: or, above all, a

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single drop of human blood." Proud, haughty England quailed before it, and unloosed many of the shackles that bound poor Ireland.

The practical application of this sentiment, would render any nation independent, happy, and perfectly safe from the attack of any other nation, and there would be no need of either armies or fortifications.

THE POWER OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

The first Peace Society in modern times, was organized in the city of New York, in 1815; in a few months, societies were formed in Massachusetts, Ohio, and in London. The American Peace Society was organized in 1828.

During the first twenty-five years from the origin of this cause, its receipts through Christendom did not probably average more than four thousand dollars a year; while the war-system was annually costing Christendom, in one way or another, more than one thousand millions! Less for peace in twenty-five years, than for the war-system, even in peace, a single hour! Yet this mere pittance, spent in the use of moral means, in a right application of the gospel to the case, has under God, done more than all the millions wasted on her war-system, to preserve the peace of

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Christendom the last thirty years. Truly a glorious result; God's plan is mighty. Will ministers preach on the great subject of peace, and will professors of religion generally, co-operate with the American Peace Society in spreading these glorious principles, and in circulating the tracts and other publications of the Society? Their Depositories are at No. 23 Cornhill-st., Boston, Mass., and at M. W. Dodd's Book-store, Brick Church Chapel, New-York.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS ON THE CHINESE.

Says a missionary among the Chinese; "The Chinese are much affected by kindness. To present a child with a penny, to allow a native to look into my collecting case, or to examine the texture of my coat, were favors which never missed a large recognition, not only from the parties indulged, but also from all the bystanders. Popularity is of very easy purchase in China; a courteous smile, a look of complacency, and so forth, will seldom fail to insure a large stock of it. If a stranger enter one of their public assemblies, takes a seat, and appears happy in his situation, every eye is directed towards him with delight. A few of the outward garnitures of kindness and good will, would be not only a

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passport, but enable a man to travel up and down China in a blaze of reputation.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Soon after the publication of the first part of this work, the writer saw a work entitled, "Illustration of the Law of Kindness," by Montgomery. It is a collection of Essays and facts on the subject, most of which are different from those in this work. I think that Stickney, 140 Fulton-street, N. Y., is the publisher. It retails at 50 cents per copy, and we cheerfully commend it to our readers, who wish to read more on this blessed subject.

TOLERATION.

How absurd, mean, and wicked is the spirit of intolerance on account of a difference of religious opinions! Christ says, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" but the bigot practically says, not so; but by their opinions ye shall know them; I am right, and every one not thinking as I do is wrong. This is the wisdom from beneath, (James 3: 14—16,) and is the spirit of the devil.

Almost universally, those brought up, *or educated* pagans, are pagans; so of the Mahometans, Catholics, &c., and doubtless the greater

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part are sincere in their belief. Why then persecute them? as that only binds them more strongly to their errors: kindness and the spirit of meekness alone will reclaim from error. Hard words and ill usage, never yet, nor never will reclaim a poor wanderer; but kindness has rescued thousands of the most hopeless cases.

Intolerance always has a weak head and a bad heart. Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of philosophers, was remarkably tolerant, meek, humble, and patient: When his little dog, named Diamond, overset a lamp, and had his productions of years of labor destroyed, he in a mild tone exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

A MISTAKE.

Many professed christians have the idea, that holiness consists only in good feelings, and that then they are sanctified; hence such will shout in meeting, and tell how happy they are, and the first opportunity after will lie, cheat, oppress their fellow beings, slander their neighbors, and are quarrelsome, fretful, full of malice, revenge, and bigoted, and intolerant towards all not seeing as they see. Such are awfully deceived. ACTION is the great test of true religion; "*by their fruits ye*

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shall know them." All will be judged by their works, not feelings. Under excitement, men may feel good, and talk like angels, and yet be children of the devil. To be Christ-like in every action, is the only true christianity.

EARTH'S BEST GIFT—THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

It has been remarked that *Earth* has one privilege which *Heaven* has not; namely, that of relieving suffering and distress. The force of this remark has occasioned the following lines:

Earth has one boon—Earth has one boon,
For restless, longing mortals giv'n;
'Tis her own gift, though first it had
Its birth in Heav'n.

It hath a charm—it hath a charm,
Exalted in affliction's hour;
Unknown in Heav'n, because unfelt
Is sorrow's pow'r.

But Earth hath wo—but Earth hath wo.
Who hath not drank its bitter cup?
This seeks the wounded, bleeding heart,
And binds it up.

It is a gem—it is a gem,
Imparting true, substantial joys:
Then seek it. These cannot be found
Mid earth's vain toys.

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'Tis not in mines—'tis not in mines,
To yield the priceless treasure rare
Its home is in the humble heart—
Yes, it is there.

It is not wealth—it is not wealth,
Can purchase quiet, peaceful rest.
This wipes the falling tear, and calms
The troubled breast.

Not he who takes—not he who takes
The blessing, is most richly bless'd:
The *giver* hath the rich reward
In *his* own breast.

It is not *fame*—it is not *fame*,
The longing soul can satisfy;
Her transient joys are not the true
For which we sigh.

But *this* doth yield—but *this* doth yield
Some foretaste of true happiness;—
A solid joy, which e'en on earth
We may possess.

Wouldst win the prize?—wouldst win the prize?
'Tis freely offered—freely take,
And bid the tide of purest joy
Within thee wake.

It's the power—it's the power
Of kindness and of sympathy,
To heal the wound, and wipe the tear
From sorrow's eye.

Hast thou a *friend?*—hast thou a *friend?*
And hast thou prov'd true friendship's joys?
Doth fortune on him fondly smile?
With him rejoice.

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But doth he weep—but doth he weep
O'er blighted joys and hope deferred?
Oh! keep not back the friendly tear—
The kindly word.

Speak gently now—speak gently now,
And make the mourning suffer'r feel
The balm of sympathy and love
Hath pow'r to heal.

Hast thou a foe?—hast thou a foe?
Pause, if thy heart with anger swell—
Subdue the quick, revengeful thought—
Thy passion quell.

Then go in love—then go in love,
In tones of kindness quench his ire;
For thus shalt thou upon his head
Heap coals of fire.

Not, not to burn—not, not to burn,
But oh! to melt him into love.
A calm delight *thy* breast shall fill,
Like that above.

Go, seek the lost—go, seek the lost,
The straying wanderer reclaim;
With cords of love, oh! win him back
From sin and shame.

No bitter word—no bitter word,
Of stern rebuke or withering scorn,
Will soften the proud heart, and make
The wand'rer turn.

Dost sigh for pow'r?—dost sigh for pow'r?
Forbid thy lips in harshness move.
Then hast thou conquer'd, when thou'st learn'd
The law of love.

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Thou canst not tell—thou canst not tell,
How deep the wound that heart may feel.
Beware, then, for an endless fate
One word may seal.

A smile—a tear, a look, a word,
Bestow'd in sympathy and love,
The hardest heart, by fear unaw'd,
Hath pow'r to move.

Let kindness then—let kindness then,
Control the tongue and fill the heart
And count our joy most true, when we
May joy impart.

This, this doth yield—this, this doth yield
Some foretaste of true happiness:
One solid good, which e'en on earth,
We may possess.

E. P.

THE POOR.

Open not your purse alone,
Its lucre to impart;
Of the two, 'tis better far
You freely ope you heart.

That which wrings the bosom most,
Your money won't allay;
Sympathy's the sun that turns
Its darkness into day.

For the body, if ye will,
Your bread and broth still dole,
Love's the only nourishment
That satisfies the soul.

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Jingling change that like ye give
May please the baser part,
But kind and gentle words and looks
Alone can reach the heart.

Warmth's not all the poor demand,
Nor shelter, nor yet food:
Ye who pause, bestowing these,
Withhold the greater good.

What they want, and what require
All things else above,
Is kindly interest in their fate,
And sympathy, and love.

W. D. G.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!"

Go, skeptic! Search the ponderous tomes
Of heathen wisdom o'er;
Read learned Confucius' pages through,
And Socrates explore;
Find, if thou canst, recorder there,
An equal to this simple prayer.

Reviled, insulted, crowned with thorns,
And led away to die,
No curse on man breaks from his lips,
No anger lights his eye:
"Father, forgive them!" Jesus cries,
And meekly bows his head and dies.

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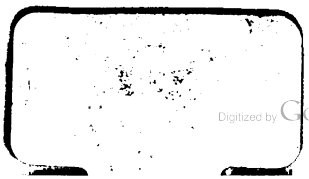

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